

A.N.C.

JUMBO COMICS



10¢

No. 107
JAN.

A NEW
**GHOST
GALLERY**
THRILLER!



KILLER-CLAWS LASH
at **SHEENA**,
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE-
in "**VANDALS
OF THE VELDT**"

The Big

OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!

ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-1ST



**Why?
Guess?
Get the
best!**

**Jungle
COMICS**



ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-5TH



**PLANET
COMICS**



ON SALE-10TH

**LOOK FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE!**



A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

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NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 108, FEBRUARY) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JANUARY

SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle



"**W**HEN THE TWELFTH MOON RISETH, THEN SHALL THE GREAT GOD BOG-UMBO FEAST HIS FILL UPON GLISTENING PEARLS!" CHANTED THE DANCING WARRIORS OF KALONGA. "BRING YOUR OFFERINGS NOW TO OUR IDOL!" AND THUS IT WAS THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN WHEN SHEENA AND BOB MADE THEIR ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE...AND AS THEY TREKKED ACROSS THE SHIMMERING VELDT...

By
W. MORGAN THOMAS

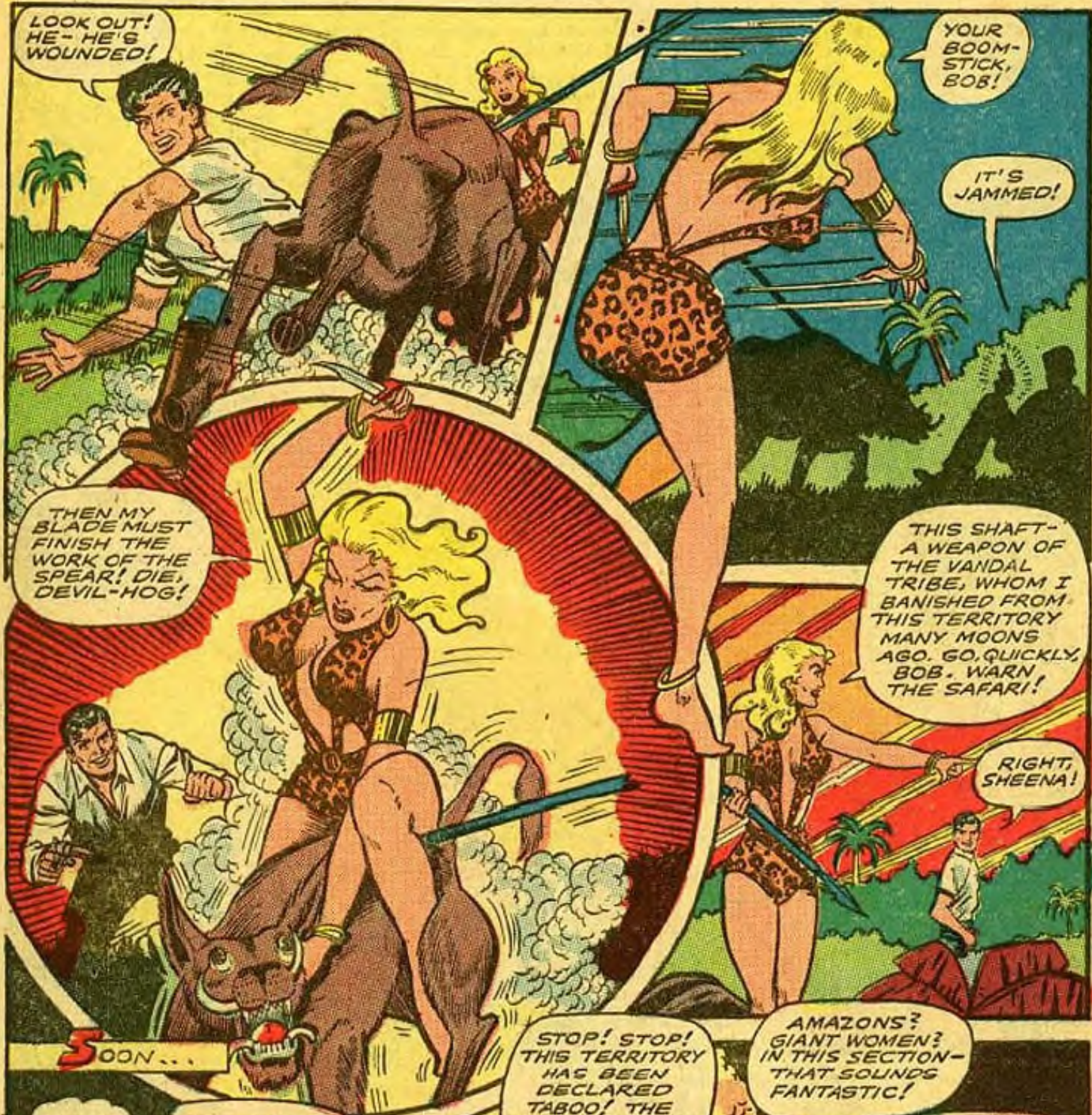
SHEENA,
LOOK! THAT
SAFARI
COOKING
FIRE - IT...

HOLD, BOB.
THESE
STRANGE
TRACKS
THAT STALK
IT INTEREST
ME MORE.
HARK! THAT
SOUND...



SUDDENLY, A SHARP CRACKLE...AN ANGRY SLAVERING SNORT AS TERROR HOOVES THUNDER... A SLOBBERING WART-HOG ON DEATH RAMPAGE CRASHES THROUGH!!





LOOK OUT!
HE- HE'S
WOUNDED!

YOUR
BOOM-
STICK,
BOB!

IT'S
JAMMED!

THEN MY
BLADE MUST
FINISH THE
WORK OF THE
SPEAR! DIE,
DEVIL-HOG!

THIS SHAFT-
A WEAPON OF
THE VANDAL
TRIBE, WHOM I
BANISHED FROM
THIS TERRITORY
MANY MOONS
AGO. GO, QUICKLY,
BOB. WARN
THE SAFARI!

RIGHT,
SHEENA!

SOON...

STOP! STOP!
THIS TERRITORY
HAS BEEN
DECLARED
TABOO! THE
VANDAL AMAZONS
ARE ON
RAMPAGE!!

AMAZONS?
GIANT WOMEN?
IN THIS SECTION-
THAT SOUNDS
FANTASTIC!

THERE
THEY
ARE.

THIS JOB IS
GIVING ME THE
WILLIES, JOE.
SURE WISH IT
WAS OVER.

STOW IT, BABS!
ER, THE BOSS-
MAN IS UP
AHEAD A FEW
MILES, SONNY.
WE'RE GOING TO
MEET AT
KALONGA. YOU
CAN JOIN US.



AS AHEAD...

HARK!
THE RUSTLING
IN THE BRUSH
AHEAD... COULD
IT BE THE FAT
ONE WE SEEK?

NAY! NAY,
'TIS A
HAIRY
KILLER! BEHOLD!

AND LEERING AT THEM FROM
THE PARTED BRUSH, READY
FOR THE KILL-LEAP...

BUT SWIFTLY,
DEATH-SHAFTS
WING TRUE...



I, SHEENA, WHO
BANISHED YOU FROM
THIS TERRITORY!
WHAT MEANS YOUR
APPEARANCE? SPEAK,
OR MY BLADE SHALL
STRIKE!

WHAT? YET
ANOTHER
DRAWS HER
SPEAR!

GOOD ENOUGH,
L'GURA, LET US
TREK ON TO MEET
THE FAT BWANA.

AYE - BUT
WHO COMES
FROM
BEHIND?



TELL ME QUICKLY -
WHY DOES YOUR TRIBE
COME TO THESE PARTS?
TELL ME, OR SUFFER
THE PAIN OF STEEL!



MISSED!
NOW, LONG
ONE, PERHAPS
YOU HAVE
THE ANSWER!

OOH!



RELEASE
YOUR GRIP!
I-I SHALL
SPEAK...

BUT IN THE
NEARBY BRUSH...

WELL, BLAST ME—
OR ARE OLD BLIMPY
MULLIGAN'S EYES
DECEIVING HIM?
THOSE GALS...
THAT AMAZON'S
GONNA BLAB!

BETTER PUT THIS
BLONDE CUTIE TO
SLEEP, OR SHE'LL
UPSET MY PLANS!

WHAT?
BEHIND
ME...

BLAST IT—
SHE TURNED!
BUT SHE
WON'T USE
THAT KNIFE
ARM FOR A
WHILE.

AIEE!
BEWARE!
SHE
ESCAPES!

JUMPED OVER!
THROW THOSE
SPEARS! KILL
HER!

OH, MY
ARM!
CANNOT
HOLD MY
GRIP!

MEANWHILE...

SO, YOU'RE
GOING UP TO
KALONGA
ALSO, EH?
GOOD. I'LL
MEET
SHEENA
THERE.

YES. MR.
MULLIGAN
IS WELL
LOVED BY
THOSE
NATIVES.
HE'S BRING-
ING A GIFT.

OH, YOU MEAN
FOR THE IDOL
GOD BOG-UMBO—
THE PEARL
FEAST?

ER, YES, THE
PEARL FEAST. MR.
MULLIGAN AMUSES
THE TRIBE WITH
TRICKS.

YEAH! AND
THIS TRICK
BETTER WORK.
WE'VE BEEN
PLANNING FOR
THIS A LONG
TIME—AND IF
ANYBODY
GETS IN
THE WAY...

HO! 'TIS
BWANA
MULLIGAN'S
SAFARI!





THERE'S THE BOSS-MAN. I WONDER WHERE SHEENA IS?

JAMBO, CHIEF! BLIMPY MULLIGAN PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO YOUR IDOL-GOD.

AND HERE'S A GIFT OF REAL PEARLS.

THEN THE HONOR SHALL BE YOURS, BWANA.

HERE, YA BIG MUCKEDY MUCK. THERE'S A FORTUNE INSIDE YOUR HEAD- AND SOON-SOON...



W HILE...

MY STEEL AGAINST YOUR FANG, TOOTHY ONE, WHICH SHALL BE THE STRONGER?



A BLUR OF TWISTING BODIES, A HARSH, DISCORDANT SNARL, A FLASHING BLADE STRIKES DOWN.



BUT BEHIND A SCREEN OF BRUSH, A BULL-RHINO PAWS THE GROUND ANGRILY...



OH, MY ARM-YET MUST I TREK SWIFTLY TO THE CEREMONIES-WHAT? ANOTHER BEAST RUMBLES TOWARD ME...



MEANWHILE...



HO, QUEEN TERA, YOUR AMAZONS ARE READY TO STRIKE!

HOLD YOUR PATIENCE. THE SIGNAL HAS NOT BEEN GIVEN YET.

HARK! THE FAT BWANA SPEAKS.

SO Y'WANT TO SEE SOME JUJU, EH?



WATCH! WATCH! I HURL THE OFFERING TO THE GODS OF FIRE!

AIEE! THEY RISE IN ANGER! FLEE!

THICK SMOKE! WAIT- THOSE SOUNDS...



RIDE, AMAZONS, RIDE! LET YOUR SHAFTS WING TRUE!

AMAZONS! JUST AS I THOUGHT! SMOKE WAS A TRICK TO COVER UP AN ATTACK, BUT WHY?

THEN...

ALL RIGHT, JOE. UNWRAP THE BUNDLE, WHILE I GET BUSY WITH THIS TORCH. HURRY, WHILE THE EXCITEMENT STILL RAGES!



STUFF IS MELTING LIKE CHEESE! HURRY WITH THAT PHONY HEAD, JOE.



OKAY! NOW WE'LL REJOIN THE FIGHT—TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD.



WHILE...

OUT COLD, EH? GOOD!!
BUT HE WON'T STAY THAT
WAY FOR LONG. GIVE ME
A HAND— WE'LL DUMP
HIM IN THE CART!

WHAT ARE WE
TAKING HIM
FOR, BLIMPY?



HE'LL BLAB TO
THE NATIVES.
THEY'LL LOOK
INTO THAT HEAD—
AND WE'LL NEVER
GET OUT ALIVE!

I GET IT! WE'LL
DISPOSE OF HIM
LATER. GET THE
BUFF MOVING,
BABS!

WELL, BLIMPY—
BABS, LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE
ALL RICH, EH?

THAT'S THE TICKET,
JOE. BUT WE GOTTA
MEET THOSE AMAZONS
AT BALUBA, THEY GOT
A SPLIT COMING, TOO!



AS...

THIS IS BALUBA,
AT LAST, SISTERS!
HERE WE DIVIDE
THE SPOILS WITH
THE FAT ONE!

HO! QUEEN
TERA HALTS!



BEHOLD WHO
AWAITS US AT OUR
MEETING PLACE
WITH BWANA
MULLIGAN— 'TIS
THE PET OF
SHEENA. COME,
A SPORT
AWAITS US!



WHILE...

THIS LIMB! GO
PONDEROUS
ONE— YOUR
PURPOSE
HAS SERVED
ME WELL!



SOON...

I AM CLOSE TO BALUBA,
YET THIS POULTICE MUST
MAKE WELL MY ARM. THAT
IS STRANGE! MY EARS CATCH
THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER
IN YONDER BRUSH...







SUDDENLY...
HO, BWANA!
WHAT DELAYS
YOUR SAFARI?

OH, IT'S YOU,
TERA! I-I'VE
JUST GOT A
LITTLE JOB
TO DO!



WATCH! THIS GUY
WAS ON TO OUR
CAPER OF SWITCH-
ING THE IDOL HEADS.
IT'LL BE FUN WATCH-
ING HIS TONGUE
CRISP! OLD BUMPY
NEVER MISSES
A TRICK!



TOO SOON DO
YOU GLOAT OF
YOUR CRAFTI-
NESS, FAT ONE!

WHAT?
NOT
TERA-
HOW...



SURPRISE WAS
MY ALLY IN OVER-
POWERING THE
AMAZON QUEEN-
AS IT IS NOW IN
DEFEATING YOU!

QUICKLY,
BOB!

BULLOCKS
STARTING
TO CHARGE!
STOP!
STOP!

OH! LOOK
OUT! THE
TORCH...



CLOTHES AFIRE-I'M
BURNING, BURNING
ALIVE! WAIT-THAT
CLIFF! NO! NO!



LUCKY I GOT
THE BUNDLE,
SHEENA!

BUNDLE?

YES- THEY
SWITCHED
A PHONY
HEAD ON THE
IDOL. THIS
ONE'S FULL
OF PEARLS.

THEN IT MUST
BE RETURNED!
WE SHALL
CELEBRATE
THE RETURN
OF BOG-UMBO!

AAH!

SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE
JUNGLE, IN EVERY ISSUE OF
JUMBO Comics!

The Hawk

A UNBELIEVABLE DEVICE, GENTLEMEN. I BEG THAT YOU YOURSELVES WITNESS ITS FINAL TEST! "SUCH WAS THE MESSAGE THAT BROUGHT CAPTAIN HAWK AND OTHER SHIPS' MASTERS TO THE MARINE LABORATORY'S AGED HALL..."

BY WILLIS RENSIE

YOU HAVE SEEN THIS CONTRAPTION LOWERED, SIR, AND SEVEN MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED...

BLIMEY, YE'VE DONE MURDER! LOOK YONDER— TH' POOR DEVIL'S CORPSE BEIN' RAISED FROM TH' TANK...



AMAZING, SIR! A DIVING SUIT D'YE CALL IT?

AYE, AN' 'T WILL NOT BE THE LEAST VALUABLE OF YOUR LADY SCARLETT'S PRECIOUS CARGO WHEN SHE SAILS FOR LONDON, CAPTAIN HAWK.

AS CAPTAIN HAWK HEADED BACK TO THE LADY SCARLETT'S MOORING AT WEYMOUTH, A CARGO-LADEN MERCHANT CRAFT TURNED FROM HER COURSE, FAR AHEAD ON THE SEA ROUTE TO LONDON...



THUS FAR, TH' BLIND ONE'S MAP SPEAKS TRUE, MATE. YON'S TH' COVE.

IN A TRICE, WE'LL BE A-DIGGIN' PIRATE GOLD, EH, SIR?

PERCHANCE, AN'-AVAST, AVAST! WE'VE WEDGED INTO TH' REEFS!



NAY, SIR! WE'VE FIVE FATHOMS O' CHANNEL BELOW US! NO REEFS...

CAP'N-CAP'N BLAKE! HEARD VOICES AHEAD, I DID! I'D SWEAR IT!

NOW, BUCKOS, HER GUNS CANNOT BE AIMED ON US! QUICKLY...

AYE, SIGNAL OUR MATES TO MAKE READY! A BROADSIDE, LADDIES...



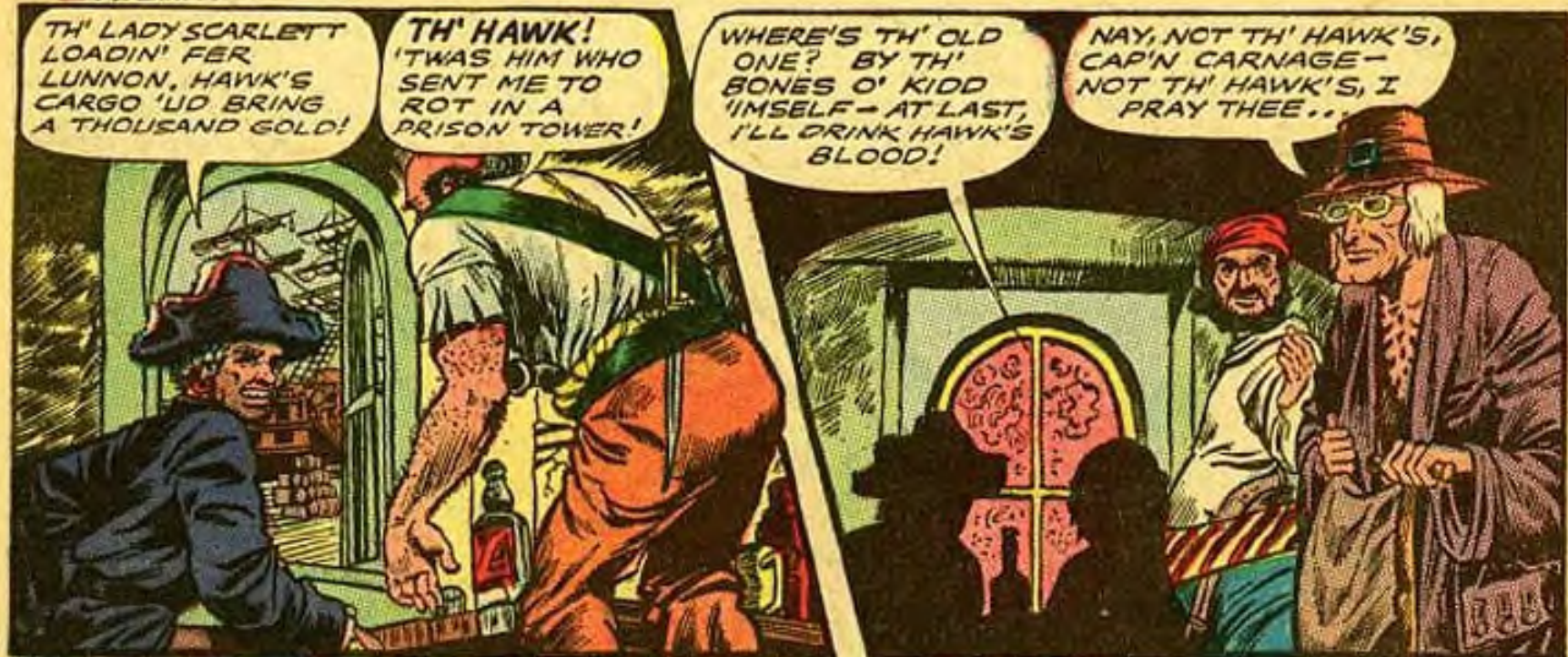
CAP'N-CAP'N BLAKE! WE'VE COME INTO A TRAP! WE'RE-A-R-G-H...

SWIFTLY... A RICH CARGO, EH, CAP'N CARNAGE?

AYE, GET IT OFF AN' SINK TH' TUB, BUCKOS! I'M A-HEADIN' TO WEYMOUTH TO STEER OUR NEXT VISITOR!



LATER...



TH' LADY SCARLETT
LOADIN' FER
LUNNON, HAWK'S
CARGO 'UD BRING
A THOUSAND GOLD!

TH' HAWK!
'T WAS HIM WHO
SENT ME TO
ROT IN A
PRISON TOWER!

WHERE'S TH' OLD
ONE? BY TH'
BONES O' KIDD
'IMSELF - AT LAST,
I'LL DRINK HAWK'S
BLOOD!

NAY, NOT TH' HAWK'S,
CAP'N CARNAGE -
NOT TH' HAWK'S, I
PRAY THEE...



CEASE YER
SNIVELIN'.
OUR PLAN'LL
WORK AS
BEFORE!

BUT CAP'N
HAWK SAVED
ME LIFE NOT
A FORTNIGHT
GONE! PLEASE,
NOT 'IS SHIP...

YE BLIND BAT!
A MAP ABOARD
'IS SHIP OR YER
BLOOD SPILLS!
CHOOSE
QUICKLY...

MERCY!
I-I'LL
DO AS
YE SAY,
SIR -
A MAP...

SOON...

'TIS NIGH SAILIN'
TIME, JEREMY,
COME ALONG.
EH, WOT? A
BLIND BEGGAR...

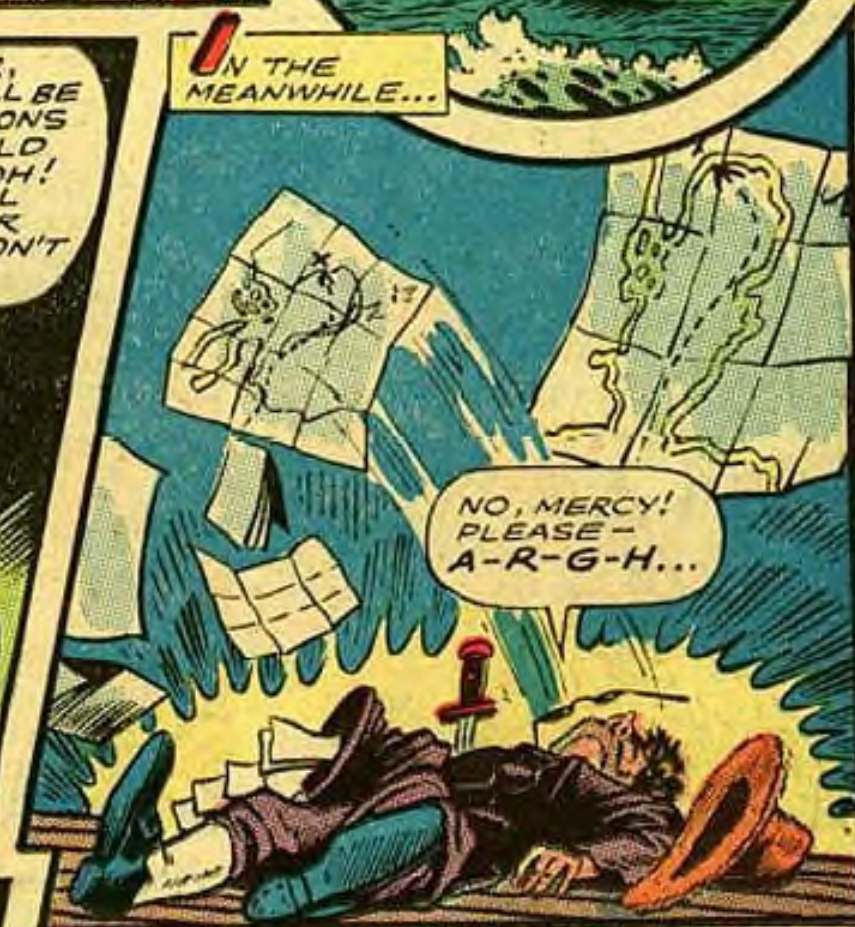
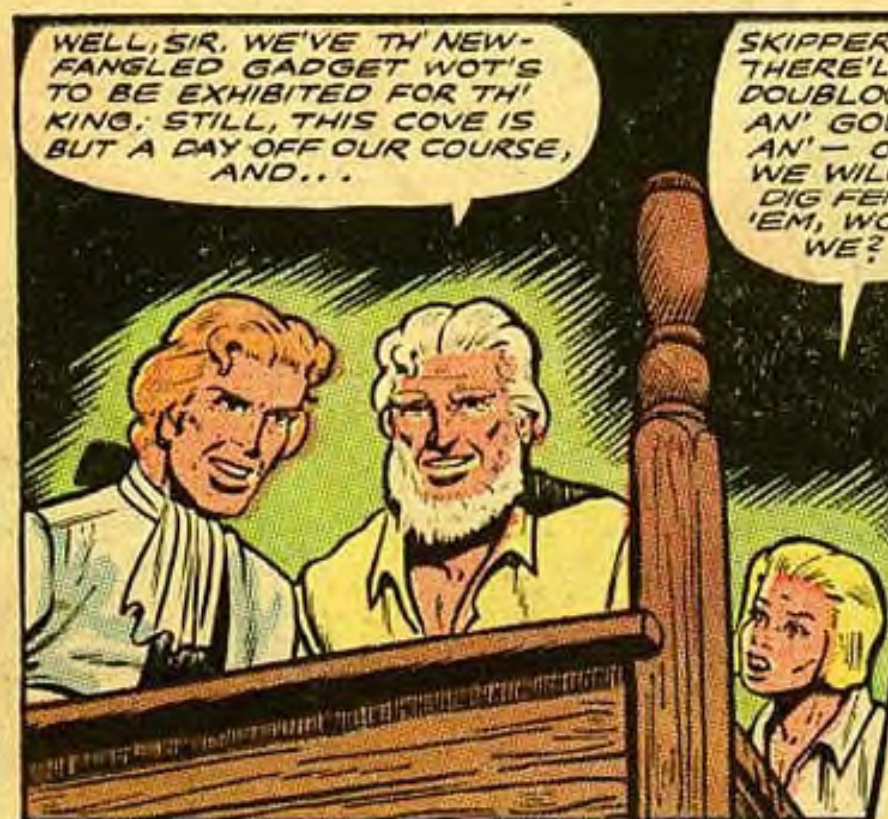
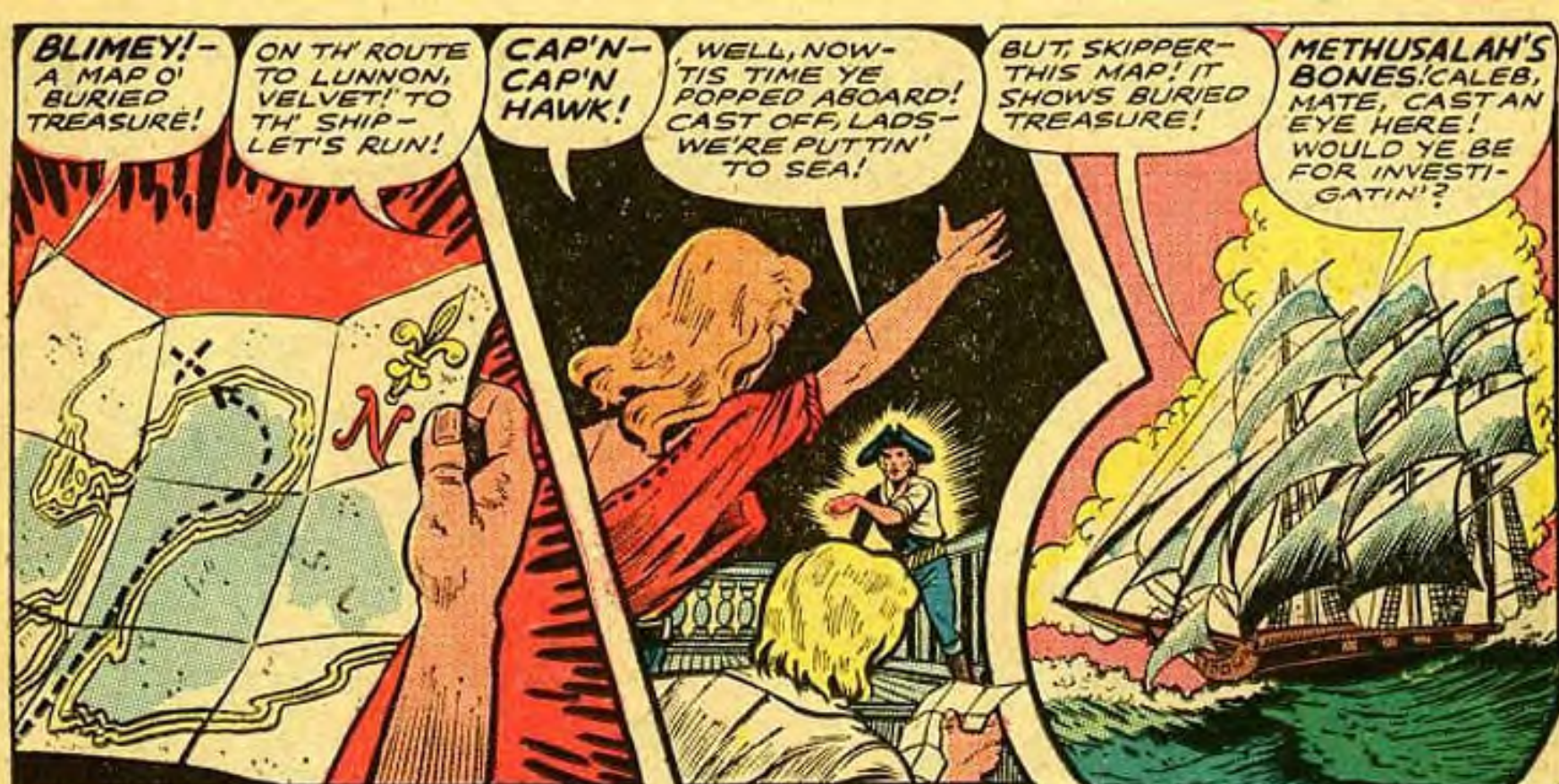
AYE, CURSED
FOR HIS
BUCCANEER
ANCESTOR, AN
HUNGRY. BUT
YER VOICE
TELLS O'
KINDNESS,
LASS, ALMS...



AH, AND NOW I'VE A GIFT.
PERCHANCE YE'D LIKE A
KEEPSAKE FROM A PIRATE
LOG? THEN REACH IN ME
BAG - ON WITH IT. CHOOSE
ONE PAGE...

KIN I
CHOOSE,
VELVET?
PLEASE,
LET ME -

METHUSALAH!
VELVET, LOOK
A-HERE! YE'D
NOT BELIEVE...



LATER...



A NARROW PASS LEADIN' TO TH' COVE YONDER, CALEB, OLD TAR.

AYE, CAP'N HAWK, AN' PERCHANCE SHALLOW! METHINKS A SOUNDING'S IN ORDER.

DID YE HEAR, HELMSMAN? HOLD 'ER STEADY AS SHE GOES!

BLIMEY, SKIPPER! 'T WAS A LIGHT FLASHIN' AHEAD AT TH' CLIFF'S BASE YONDER!

FOUR FATHOMS WE'LL HAVE 'NEATH TH' OL' LADY'S KEEL, SIR!



ANOTHER ROD AN' TH' LADY SCARLETT'LL BE IN OUR TRAP, ME BUCKOS!

AYE, READY AT THEM GUNS! TH' TORCH'LL SERVE AS SIGNAL TO CAP'N CARNAGE!

YON'S TH' FOP'S SIGN. HOLD 'EM BACK A TRICE... NOW! LASH 'EM, YE MANGY SWEEPIN'!

AYE, SIR! ON WITH IT, CURSE YE...



ON WITH YE! BY KIDD'S BONES, 'TIS A FORTUNE IN CARGO AWAITING US!

THEN, FAR BELOW MURKY WATERS, CRUEL JAWS OF A PIRATE TRAP CLAMP ONTO THE LADY SCARLETT'S HULL...





YON'S WORD
THEY'RE READYIN'
A SECOND BROAD-
SIDE, BUCKOS!
INTO TH' BOATS!



WE'LL HAVE
HAWK'S HEAD,
EH, CAP'N
CARNAGE?

AYE, BUT
STAND OFF
'TIL OUR
CANNON'S
BLASTED
TH' FIGHT
FROM HIS
CREW!

MEANWHILE...

SO 'TIS THIS...
MY SHIP TRAPPED
WHILE SHE'S
RIPPED APART...

...BUT PER-
CHANCE NOT...
ONE MORE
LINE... AH...

...FREE AT
LAST... AND
NOW IF ME
MATES YET
LIVE ABOVE...

YE'VE DONE
IT, CAP'N—
TURNED TH'
TIDE! HARD
OVER AT TH'
HELM THERE!

NOW, LADS, GET THOSE
GUNS A-TALKING BE-
FORE WE'RE BLOWN TO
BITS! HIGH ON TH' CLIFF'S
FACE—A BROADSIDE!

BY KIDD'S BONES!
SHE'S SLIPPED
FROM OUR TRAP!
HAS 'ER GUNS ON
US, SHE DOES!

THEY'RE AIMIN'
HIGH - CAST AN
EYE YONDER!
AVAST-AVAST!

TH' HAWK'S
COUNTIN' ON
AN AVALANCHE!



AS...

SKIPPER! TH'
SCARLETT'S
FLOATED FREE!

WE'RE BOARDIN'
ALL TH' SAME!
QUICK, A-FORE
WE'RE FISH IN
A BARREL FER
HER CANNON!

YON'S TH'
HAWK -
CURSE 'IS
MANGY
HIDE!

AHOY,
ALL
ABOARD!
ARM
YER-
SELVES!

I SWORE I'D
GET YE FER
SENDIN' ME
TO PRISON,
HAWK!

CARNAGE!
SO 'T WAS
YOUR TRAP -
YOUR MAP
THAT BROUGHT
ME HERE!



AYE, AN' NOW
I'LL -A-R-G-H!

YOUR TONGUE IS
NIMBLE, BUT YOUR
SWORD IS NOT!
CALEB! ROUND UP
THE OTHERS!

THE REST ARE
PRISONERS, CAP'N.
BUT THOSE OTHERS -
BURIED IN TH'
AVALANCHE. 'TIS
HORRIBLE...

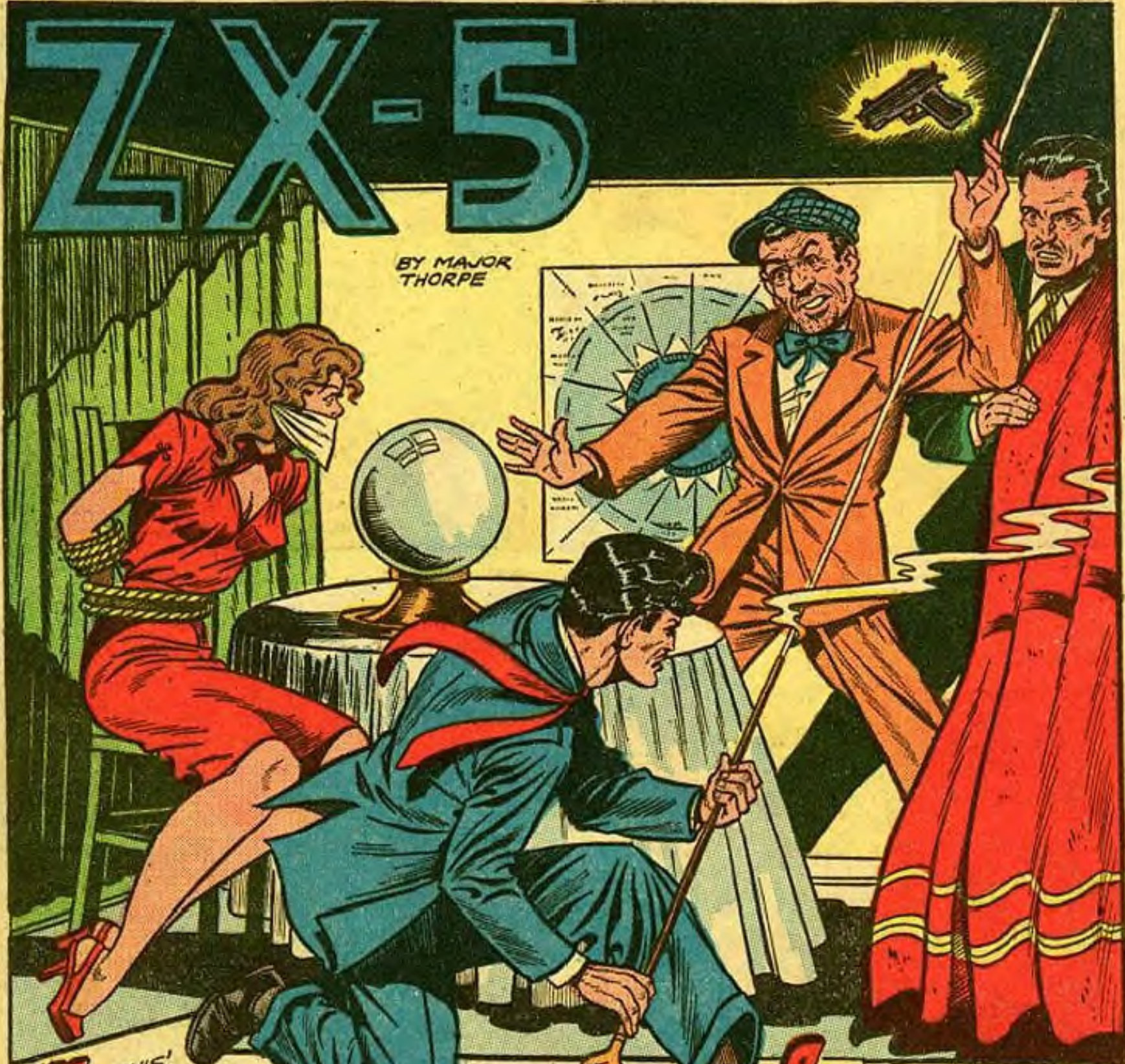
WHAT THEY ASKED
FOR, VELVET. ME-
THINKS NOW TH'
TREASURE MAP
TELLS ONLY OF
TH' PIRATES'
GRAVE.



ADVENTURES OF THE HAWK
EVERY MONTH IN
JUMBO Comics!

ZX-5

BY MAJOR
THORPE



"**MEMPHIS!** MILLER HAD DOPED OUT A REALLY SWEET FITCH: TELLING FORTUNES— (AND MAKING ONE FOR HIMSELF ON THE SIDE!) BUT THEN ONE MORNING SOMETHING HAPPENED WHICH STARTED HIM FIGURING. HE GOT TO THINKING HE MAYBE WAS MAKING HIS PILE THE HARD WAY..."

HOW DOES THE SUCKER-LIST READ TODAY, 'MEMPHIS'?

WELL, LET'S SEE... ABBOT... ADAMS... BAKER—WAIT! WHAT'S THIS?

...CHADWICK! NANCY CHADWICK! SAY, HOW'D YOU TWO LIKE TO RETIRE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES? NOW, LISTEN—I JUST THOUGHT OF A SCHEME THAT CAN'T MISS!

AS... THE FABULOUS CHADWICK GEMS ARE INSURED BY US FOR MORE THAN A MILLION, ZX! BUT THE HEIRESS—NANCY CHADWICK—IS A COMPLETE SCATTERBRAIN! WE'LL OFFER YOU THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE JEWELS!

THREE HUNDRED A WEEK! BROTHER, YOU'VE JUST HIRED YOURSELF A BOY!



LATER...

AH! THAT'S THE CHADWICK GIRL! NOW TAKE A GOOD GANDER, ROCKY— YOU'VE GOT TO BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE HER LATER!

DON'T YOU NEVER WORRY, BOSS. HOW COULD I EVER FORGET A LOVELY TOMATO LIKE HER?

THEN COME ON, IT'S OUR TURN TO SET TH' STAGE WHILE ZENDA SELLS HER A BILL OF GOODS!

...THEES STRANGER EEN YOUR LIFE! HE WEEL BE TALL!— VERY HANDSOME, WEETH A SMALL BLACK MUSTACHE!... BUT MOS' OF ALL—THEES STRANGER WILL HAVE ZEE COURAGE OF A LION!



SOON...

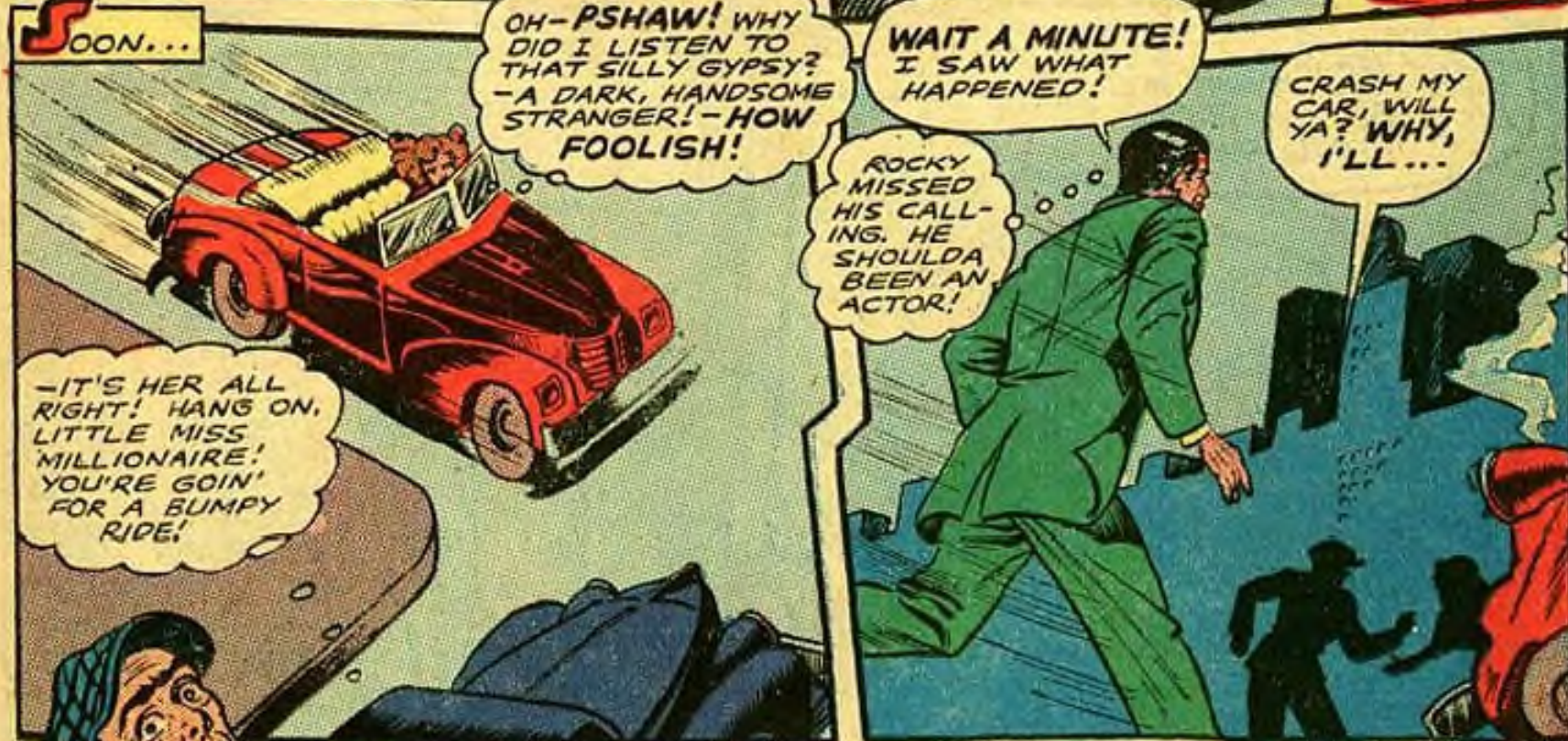
OH—PSHAW! WHY DID I LISTEN TO THAT SILLY GYPSY?— A DARK, HANDSOME STRANGER!—HOW FOOLISH!

WAIT A MINUTE! I SAW WHAT HAPPENED!

ROCKY MISSED HIS CALLING. HE SHOULD'VE BEEN AN ACTOR!

CRASH MY CAR, WILL YA? WHY, I'LL...

—IT'S HER ALL RIGHT! HANG ON, LITTLE MISS MILLIONAIRE! YOU'RE GOIN' FOR A BUMPY RIDE!



THE FIRST THING YOU'LL DO IS HAVE A LESSON IN MANNERS!— THERE!

...IT'S A SHAME YOU COULDN'T BE SPARED THIS UNPLEASANTNESS, YOUNG LADY! AND YOUR CAR'S RUINED! MAY I OFFER YOU A LIFT HOME IN MINE?

WHY...WHY. HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU! YES, THANKS SO MUCH!

TALL...! BLACK MUSTACHE! BRAVE AS A LION!— IT IS! IT'S THE STRANGER!



MEANWHILE, I HAD HUSTLED ON TO THE CHADWICK PLACE... IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO JIMMY A WINDOW AND MAKE SURE THE GEMS WERE STILL SAFE AND SOUND... THEN...

HEY-VOICES-
GOTTA
SCRAM!

...THE THING THAT'S SO ROMANTIC ABOUT IT IS THAT THE GYPSY HAD TOLD ME I'D MEET YOU- AND THEN, BEFORE I KNEW- THERE YOU WERE!

WHAT D'YA THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOUNG FELLA? THIS HERE'S PRIVATE PROPERTY- WE GOT NO USE FOR PROWLERS!

THAT PROWLER! HE'S SPY-ING ON MISS NANCY.

AS POP USED TO SAY- "THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT HURTS YOU!"- BUT THAT GUY'S LEAVING. AN' I'VE GOT TO TAIL HIM!

LATER...

... GET THIS STRAIGHT, ROCKY! SOME GUY'S BEEN TAILIN' ME- PROBABLY A PRNATE EYE... I'M GONNA LEAD HIM OVER THE CITY BRIDGE- THEN TH' REST IS UP TO YOU.

SOON...

AHH- THERE'S TH' SHAMUS NOW!

I MUST BE FOLLOWING A FUGITIVE FROM A WALK-A-THON! HE'S BEEN HIKING NOW FOR ALMOST AN HOUR!

LAST STOP, SUCKER! THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!

OHH!

"MEMPHIS FIGURED HE'D PLANTED ME IN A WATERY GRAVE! BUT MY LUCK HELD GOOD, FOR...?"

THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM, ROCKY! NOW LET'S HUSTLE BACK TO ZENDA'S ON THE DOUBLE! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A BUSY NIGHT!

HEY, YOU FEEL A BUMP JUST THEN, JOE?

NAW, NOT A THING. C'MON, WE'LL PULL IN HERE AND TIE UP. TOMORRA' WE'LL GET HER UNLOADED.

"HOURS LATER—WHILE I WAS STILL OUT COLD ON THE BARGE—TWO SHADOWY FIGURES WERE APPLYING A 'JIMMY' TO THE WINDOW OF NANCY CHADWICK'S LIBRARY—AS..."

SORRY, GRAMPA! NOW HURRY, BOYS—LET'S GET INSIDE!

INSIDE AT LAST! NOW—THE SAFE'S BEHIND THAT PICTURE OF THE OLD GUY WITH THE BILLIE-GOAT WHISKERS!—I FOUND THAT OUT THIS AFTERNOON HAVING TEA WITH MISS CHADWICK! ZENDA, YOU GIVE ROCKY A HAND!

MORE PROWLERS, EH? WELL, YOU TWO WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME LIKE THAT OTHER FELLA' DID THIS AFTERNOON!

OKAY 'MEMPHIS', WE'LL GET THE GEMS, DON'T WORRY! WAIT, THOSE FOOT-STEPS...

WHAT... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? OHH!

HEY—DOUSE THOSE LIGHTS!

SO YOU HAD TO STICK YOUR NOSE IN, EH, MISS MILLIONS?—YOU'RE GONNA REGRET IT! ROCKY, ZENDA, GRAB THOSE GEMS AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE'LL TAKE THIS CHADWICK DAME WITH US!

"RIGHT ABOUT THEN, I CAME TO WITH BOILER FACTORY NOISES BANGING UNDER MY SKULL...

O-OOH! WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHAT THE... A BARGE!

HEY! THAT HUMMING SOUND! NOW I REMEMBER!—NANCY CHADWICK AND THE JEWELS!—I BETTER GET A MOVE ON...

HOLD YOUR BREATH, TEAM! IN A SECOND YOU'RE GONNA SEE ENOUGH SPARKLING "ICE" TO KEEP US ALL ON EASY STREET!

HURRY UP, 'MEMPHIS'! THEES SUSPENSE EES KILLING ME!



RUBIES! PEARLS! DIAMONDS! EETS... EETS... HEY, THAT NOISE!

SOMEONE RUNNING THIS WAY! DROP THIS JUNK AN' COME ON!

QUICK!—HIDE BEHIND THIS CURTAIN—BOTH OF YOU!



AS... WAIT... MADAME ZENDA!—SHE'S THE GYPSY THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT THIS AFTERNOON—BETTER TAKE A LOOK...

NANCY!—AND THE JEWELS! BUT WHERE'D THEY GO...? THEY MUST HAVE GOT SCARED WHEN THEY HEARD ME COMIN'! FUNNY—I FIGURED THIS FOR A TOUGH CASE—BUT, TURNS OUT IT WAS DUCK SOUP!

DUCK SOUP, EH?



MADAME ZENDA
FORECASTS
YOUR
FUTURE



RELAX, SISTER! HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO GET THIS GAG UNTIED WHEN YOU'RE SQUIRMING AROUND LIKE CRAZY?

...I'LL HAVE YOU OUTTA THIS IN...

NOT SO FAST, SKIPPER!—THERE!—MY CANE'S CUT YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE!

WHAT THE...! THAT REFLECTION IN THE BALL!

... NOW TO YANK DOWN THIS CURTAIN... AN' GET THE REST OF THE VERMIN OUT OF HIDING!

LINE UP THERE...—NO FUNNY BUSINESS!

GEE... I DON'T SEE HOW YOU EVER MANAGED TO FIND THIS AWFUL PLACE!

THAT WAS EASY... I PLANTED A SOUND TRANSMITTER IN YOUR GEM BOX THIS AFTERNOON... WHEN THEY MOVED THE BOX, I PICKED UP THE HUMMING SOUND ON THE RECEIVER IN MY CANE AND FOLLOWED THE SOUND HERE!

SAY— YOU'RE AWFUL SMART! BUT YOU KNOW I'M BURNED UP 'CAUSE THE STRANGER IN MY LIFE TURNED OUT TO BE A PHONY...

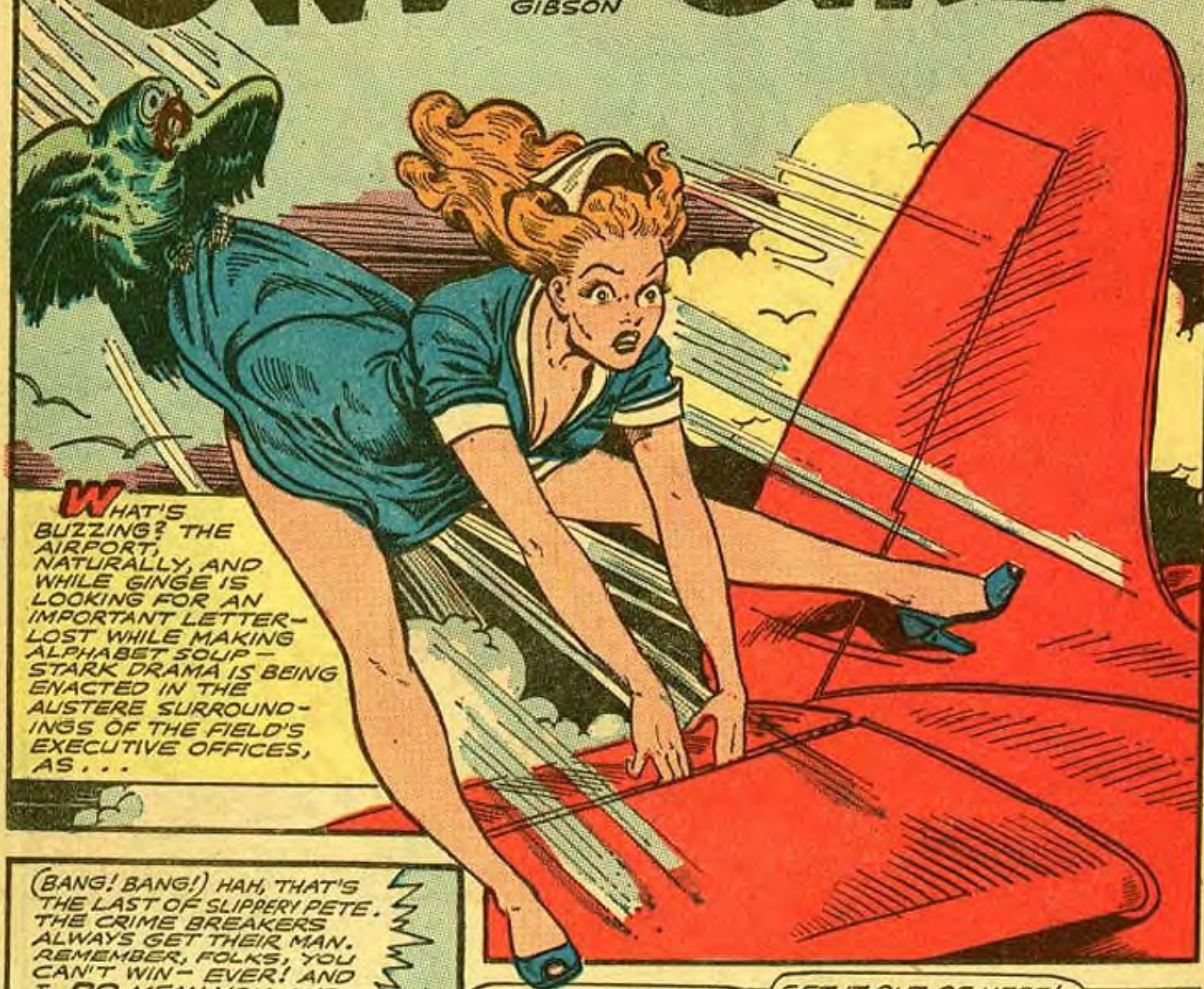
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE! THE GYPSY SAID HE'D BE TALL... DARK... WITH A SMALL BLACK MUSTACHE AN' (HMM) THE COURAGE OF A LION! YOU KNOW, MISS CHADWICK... I THINK WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT AFTER ALL!

WELL, I'LL BE...!

ZX-5 IN EVERY ISSUE
JUMBO Comics!

SKY GIRL

BY
BILL
GIBSON



WHAT'S BUZZING? THE AIRPORT, NATURALLY, AND WHILE GINGE IS LOOKING FOR AN IMPORTANT LETTER—LOST WHILE MAKING ALPHABET SOUP—STARK DRAMA IS BEING ENACTED IN THE AUSTERE SURROUNDINGS OF THE FIELD'S EXECUTIVE OFFICES, AS...

(BANG! BANG!) HAH, THAT'S THE LAST OF SLIPPERY PETE. THE CRIME BREAKERS ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN. REMEMBER, FOLKS, YOU CAN'T WIN—EVER! AND I DO MEAN YOU AND YOU AND...

HEY,
YOU!

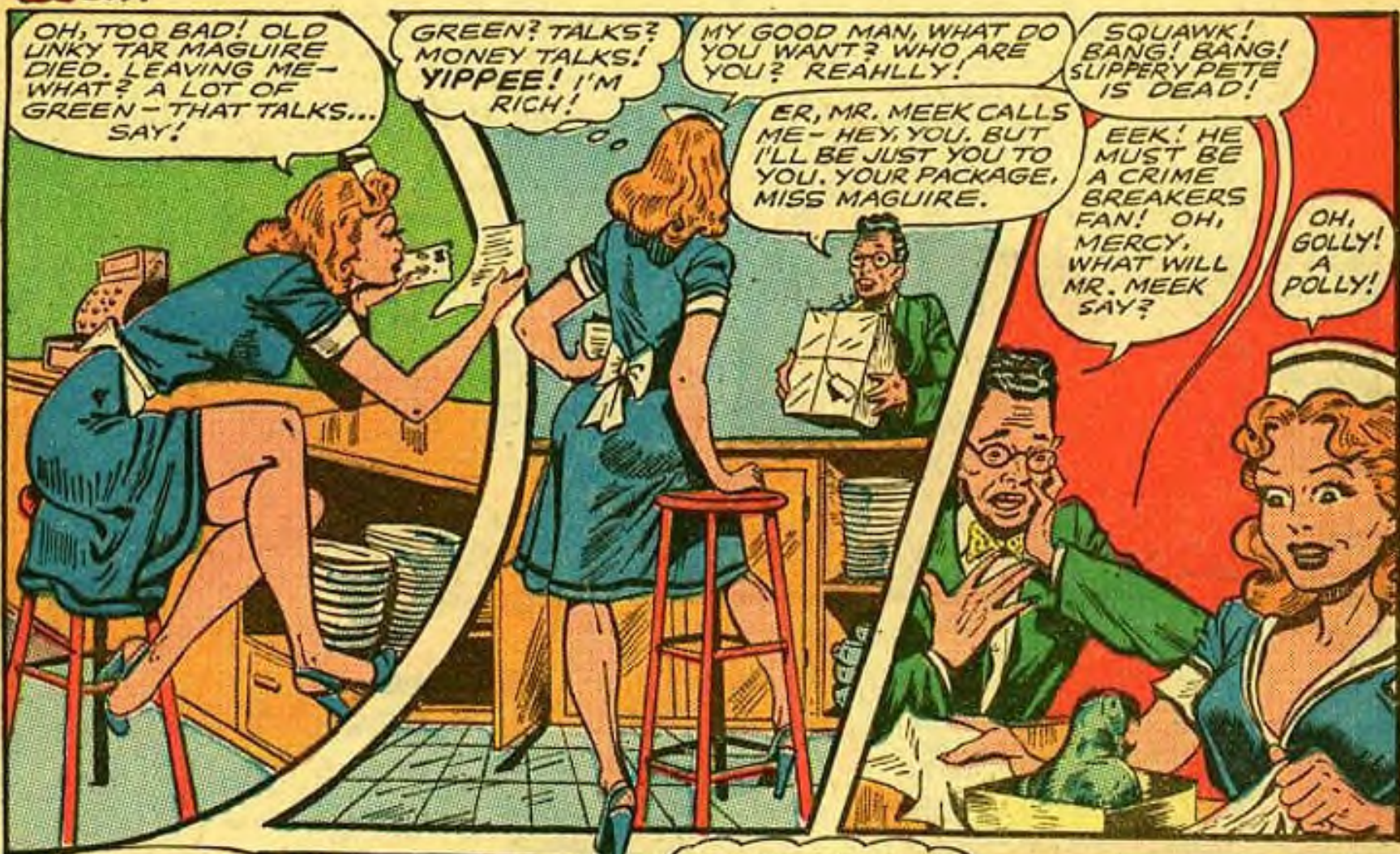
OH, Y-YES, MR. MEEK—THIS PACKAGE...ER, IT'S ADDRESSED TO MISS MAGUIRE.

WHAT!! YOU MEAN A PACKAGE FOR THAT PACKAGE?

GET IT OUT OF HERE! WHAT DOES SHE THINK THIS OFFICE IS—A BOX-OFFICE? AND ANOTHER THING...

Y-YES, MR. MEEK...





WHILE...

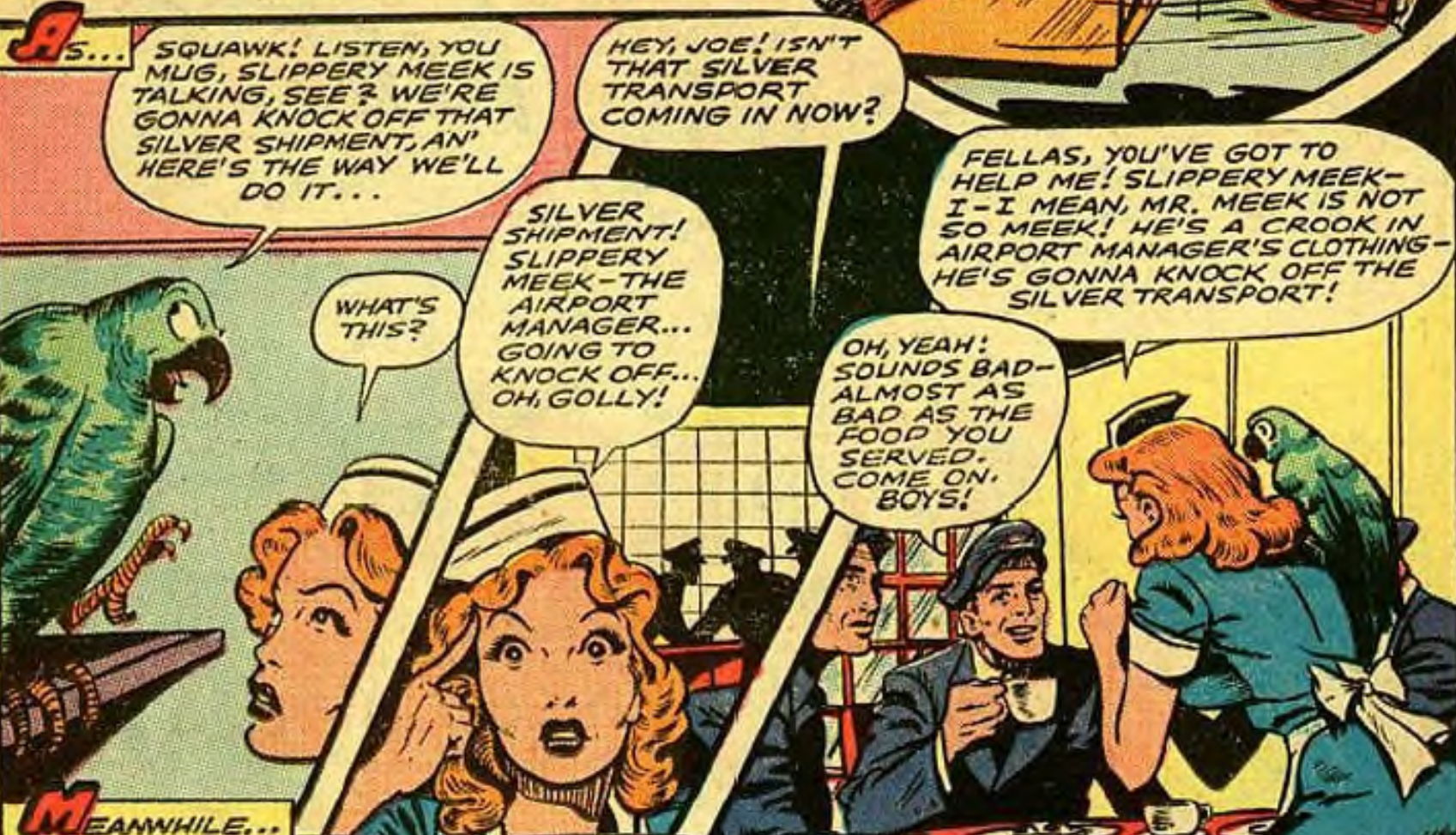


HOW DID THE CRIME BREAKERS PROGRAM END, SIR? DID SLIPPERY PETE GET THE SILVER SHIPMENT? OR...

SILVER SHIPMENT! OH, I ALMOST FORGOT!

CAREFUL, SIR—YOUR APOPLEXY!

THERE'S A SILVER SHIPMENT GOING TO THE MINT—AND IT'S DUE ON THE FIELD NOW!



AS... SQUAWK! LISTEN, YOU MUG, SLIPPERY MEEK IS TALKING, SEE? WE'RE GONNA KNOCK OFF THAT SILVER SHIPMENT, AN' HERE'S THE WAY WE'LL DO IT...

HEY, JOE! ISN'T THAT SILVER TRANSPORT COMING IN NOW?

FELLAS, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! SLIPPERY MEEK—I—I MEAN, MR. MEEK IS NOT SO MEEK! HE'S A CROOK IN AIRPORT MANAGER'S CLOTHING—HE'S GONNA KNOCK OFF THE SILVER TRANSPORT!

SILVER SHIPMENT! SLIPPERY MEEK—THE AIRPORT MANAGER... GOING TO KNOCK OFF... OH, GOLLY!

WHAT'S THIS?

OH, YEAH! SOUNDS BAD—ALMOST AS BAD AS THE FOOD YOU SERVED. COME ON, BOYS!

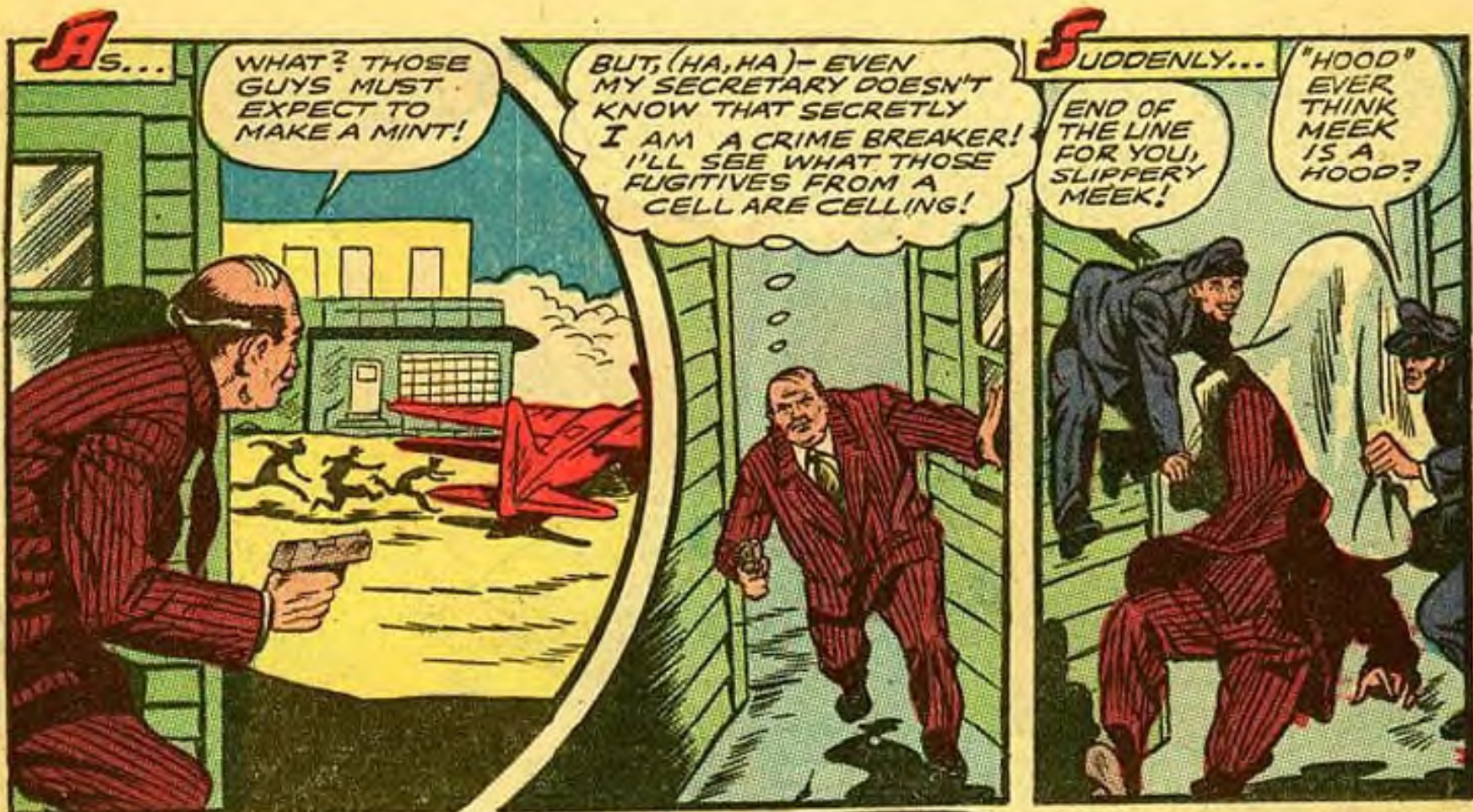


MEANWHILE... HERE IT COMES, BIFFER!

EASY, YOUSE MUGS! WAIT'LL IT LANDS.

MY FINGERS'RE ITCHIN' FER THAT SILVER!

COME ON—BEFORE THEY GET OUT.



AS...

WHAT? THOSE GUYS MUST EXPECT TO MAKE A MINT!

BUT, (HA, HA) - EVEN MY SECRETARY DOESN'T KNOW THAT SECRETLY I AM A CRIME BREAKER! I'LL SEE WHAT THOSE FUGITIVES FROM A CELL ARE CELLING!

SUDDENLY...

END OF THE LINE FOR YOU, SLIPPERY MEEK!

"HOOD" EVER THINK MEEK IS A HOOD?



PLEASE LET ME GO! I-I'LL SHOW YOU MY CRIME BREAKERS BUTTON! I'LL - GULP!

KNOTS TO YOU, PAL!

CALL THE COPS, GINGE! YOU'RE A REAL HEROINE!

G'WAN, FLATTERER! YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT BECAUSE IT'S TRUE!



MEANWHILE...

DON'T MOVE! DIS IS A STICKUP!

YOU MEAN WE'RE STUCK?

SURE! BUT WE'RE REALLY OF STERLING CHARACTER!



TCH, TCH! ALL THIS BECUZ WE POSED AS FIELD GREASE-MONKEYS, AN' DEY GOT DUH NOVE T'SAY GRIME DOESN'T PAY!

HEY, BIFFER, PIPE THE WENCH RUNNIN' TO TH' HATCH!

CALL 'ER IN! I'LL SETTLE HER 'HATCH' RIGHT NOW!

YOO-HOO!

HEY, FELLAS—EVERYTHING'S OKAY, SLIPPERY MEEK'S IN GOOD HANDS!



DON'T 'HANDS' US DAT, SIS. YOUR INFER AN OUT!

AWRK! ONE OUT!

AND IN A MINUTE IT'LL BE ALL TIED UP!

AS...

DING BLAST YOUR HIDES! NOW YOU MADE ME LOSE MY CRIME BREAKERS BUTTON!

OH! BUTTIN' INTO POLICE BUSINESS, EH?



THAT PLANE! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! YOU'LL SLINK TO THE CLINK FOR THIS!

B-BUT, SIR, IT WAS ALL MAGUIRE'S FAULT—SAID YOU WERE SLIPPERY MEEK, THAT YOU PLANNED TO...



SOON...

WARNING! ALL POLICE PLANES BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR SILVER TRANSPORT PLANE. ARREST SLIPPERY GINGER MAGUIRE—CAREFUL—SHE IS DANGEROUS. OVER...



SHE IS DANGEROUS! DANGEROUS...

SO! THINK YER GONNA GET A CUT O' THE SWAG, EH?

GET I'M, POLLY! GET I'M!

OH, GIVIN' ME TH' BOLD, EH?

YOU BETCHA, BIFFER. NOW TO UNDO MY UNDOING!

OUCH! THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU, BIFF, OLD SOCK!

BINGO! I HOPE YOU BOYS DON'T GET 'HEADY' OVER THIS! OOPS! WE'RE DIVING...

LOOK OUT—OR I'LL HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THE CONTROLS!

AS BELOW...

I GUESS THEY'LL BE ALL BROKEN UP OVER THIS, EH, OFFICER?

WHO "NOSE"?

SO YOU'RE THE ONE! SLIPPERY MEEK, IS IT? WHERE IN—?

(POW!) DOWN WENT SLIPPERY PETE! CRIME BREAKERS ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN!

I SEE IT ALL NOW! IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE—THE BIRD'S A CRIME BREAKER FAN—THAT GIRL'S A HEROINE!

JIGGERS, GINGE! TH' COPS! AND HERE COMES SLIPPERY MEEK!

OUCH!

SQUAWK! YOU'RE A HEROINE!

SKY GIRL IN EVERY ISSUE
JUMBO Comics!

KING OF THE PIRATES

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

WHILE the Puritans and Pilgrims were contending with the rigors of nature and the problems of a new colony on the coast of Massachusetts, the waters of the West Indies far to the south of them became infested with bands of pirates, who, from having in many cases been engaged in making and selling smoked beef or "boucan" from the wild cattle there, got the name of buccaneers. They drew to their yellow flag ruffraff from the "Seven Seas" and the four quarters of the earth, and among this company was a young Welshman named Henry Morgan, who had run away from his home as a boy. His headlong fearlessness had made him second in command to the leader, Mansvelt, when, in 1667, that bold Dutchman was planning to "carve out a buccaneer republic" from the rich lands still held in Spain's loosening grip.

Mansvelt died. Morgan, after sacking Puerto Principe in Cuba, found himself, by virtue of his strength and ferocity, the leader of a wild band numbering about four hundred and fifty of the very scum of the earth.

With the help of the English Governor of Jamaica, who contributed a fine warship from New England, the *Oxford*, Morgan made ready for a descent upon the Spanish settlements in Venezuela. A French vessel, the *Flying Stag*, came along and he captured her by strategy without firing a gun. Sailing with fifteen ships and eight hundred men, half his force broke away on the high seas, but Morgan pressed on with the other half, captured the town of Gibraltar with great booty, and entered the strait leading to the lake and city of Maracaibo. He presently found his fleet "bottled up" by a strong fort and by three Spanish men-of-war mounting nearly a hundred guns between them. Morgan built a fire-ship, crammed with powder, brimstone, and tar, and showing guns and figures of men, made of logs; with this in the lead, he bore down upon the Spaniards, who, believing the fire-vessel to be the pirate flag-

ship, waited till they could sink it with one broadside. Before they woke up, the dangerous craft was fast to their galleon. It burst into flames, the venturesome crew leaped overboard, and while the Spaniards were fighting the fire, Morgan sailed up and annihilated them.

His first attack on the fort failed; anchoring in sight, he went through the pretense of landing a force for a shore attack; the garrison at once set to work and laboriously shifted their cannon to that side to cover the expected assault. The wily pirate drifted down with his ships that night, undiscovered till he was close to the walls; before the heavy guns of the fort could be moved back to bear on him, he was safely past and bound for the high seas.

Emboldened by his successes, the buccaneer now decided to carry out his boast of bearding De Guzman in his own capital of Panama. His fame brought a swarm of daredevils to his flag from every town of the Spanish Main; several ships from New England joined him; the flag-ship (the same *Flying Stag* which Morgan had captured from the French) was furnished by the Governor of Jamaica and flew the English flag, while Morgan's colors were a red banner with a white cross, and a bow flag of red, white, and blue; it was by far the largest and most nearly lawful expedition he had commanded, there being over two thousand men on the thirty-seven vessels.

They captured the fortifications at St. Catherine's Island, and stormed the redoubtable castle of St. Lawrence that commanded the mouth of the Chagres River, along which their route lay; this mountain fort was impregnable on the waterside, but the pirates hewed a path through the tangled woods with their cutlasses, crawled across the open on their hands and knees in the face of a terrific fire from cannon and sharpshooters, and strove desperately all day to carry the pali-

sades at the top. The leader, Bradley, with both legs broken, still urged on the assault; that night another party attempted a surprise: one, a Frenchman, received an Indian arrow in the shoulder; dragging it from his flesh, he wrapped some lint around it and fired it from his musket; it struck a dry roof, and in a moment the building was ablaze; in spite of a desperate resistance, the fort was taken and the garrison killed, a score of prisoners and wounded only being left out of three hundred and fifty Spaniards.

For physical hardihood these buccaneers were veritable Berserkers: one wounded man, when the surgeon hesitated, because of the dreadful agony, to remove an arrow from his eye, tore it out himself, tied a rag around his head, and rushed into the fight once more. They left two hundred of their number dead, and several ships were wrecked in the harbor through carelessness.

Nothing daunted, Morgan set out with thirteen hundred followers for the march across the Isthmus, some in boats, some on the shore. But for the sordid motives, that feat would be an epic worthy of a great poet. Their provisions gave out before they were well started, till, ravenous with hunger, they soaked and cooked old leather bags they found, cutting them into pieces small enough to swallow; they eagerly devoured the cats and dogs they killed in the deserted streets of Cruz; they slept on the wet ground; their clothing speedily became rags and tatters; they were ambushed by Indians. Still Morgan held them together and drove them forward by his fiery will. After ten days of this they repeated the experience of Balboa: gaining the summit of a mountain, still called Buccaneers' Hill, they saw the shining waters of the Pacific, and knew they were drawing near their quarry.

The ragged, starved pirates forgot their miseries. Hastening down the slopes they came upon great herds of cattle and feasted upon the half-cooked flesh like savages. That evening their eager eyes beheld the steeples of the capital in the distance.

Panama was a city of thirty thousand, the rendezvous of the Spanish treasure-fleets, "the strongest, richest, most magnificent city in the New World." The buccaneers found themselves next morning facing an army five times their size, half of them seasoned Spanish cav-

alry and foot-soldiers, while back of this array frowned the big guns of the city forts. The invaders began to waver at the prospect. To add to their dismay, the enemy had an extraordinary contingent of two hundred fierce bulls, who bellowed and pawed the earth and could hardly be held by the negroes and Indians who managed them.

Morgan braced them with a burst of flaming confidence, and when their courage was somewhat revived, he reminded them they had only two choices: to defeat the Spanish or to die. With two hundred sharpshooters in advance, he led them down the slope in three battalions.

The Spanish cavalry charged, but they were adroitly decoyed into marshy ground and while in confusion were riddled by the marksmen. As the main forces engaged, the bulls were turned loose. But the invaders knew something of cattle stampedes: they actually turned the animals, headed them back for the Spanish infantry, and charged behind the flying hoofs, which swept dismay and destruction through the ranks of their owners. The Spanish line was broken, the army fled in disorder.

Calling his men from the slaughter, Morgan hastened to get between the scattered remnants and the city; the defenses were stormed; the streets were cleared in hand-to-hand fighting; when the sun went down, Morgan was master of Panama.

For four weeks he had his will of the place. Then, having suppressed one or two mutinies with a stern hand, he marched out, leaving behind a ruined city, and bearing a booty of two million dollars in gold, besides silks, arms merchandise—everything that could be transported. The leader returned to Jamaica, settled down as a capitalist, was knighted by Charles II, and was for a time acting Governor of the Island. But his just reward overtook him, and when the King died, he was thrown into prison, where he probably ended his days.

If ever there was a case of the misuse of superb qualities of manhood, it was that of Henry Morgan. And in spite of his crimes, his savage cruelty, no one who reads the story of his Homeric march against Panama can doubt his claim to a place among the bravest fighting leaders.

— THE END —



Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Editor,

In my humble opinion, SHEENA is not only the best comic strip in existence but I believe that W. Morgan Thomas has started something of a small revolution in popular American adventure literature. Boy! Did it click!

Mr. Thomas is to be congratulated on starting a new idea. The old "masterful" male heroes and their passive women become extremely boring—especially to a man. Because, speaking off the record, who cares about some big overgrown lug when they can follow the adventures of a beautiful girl like SHEENA?

As for the other characters in your book, this is the way they appear to me:

SKY GIRL—Good. Very well drawn, but keep her down on the ground more.

THE HAWK—Good.

STUART TAYLOR—Lousy. That fantastic stuff about time machines doesn't appeal to me.

Others—Just taking up space that SHEENA could use to a better advantage.

Sincerely,

A SHEENA Fan

Independence, Mo.

Dear Mr. Thomas,

A group of girls in my neighborhood have formed a "SHEENA" club and would like to know if you could draw us a picture of her from which a celluloid button could be made. This button would be worn by every member of the club.

We sincerely hope you will find it possible to make such a drawing and grant us the privilege of using it so that we may continue to advance our interest in SHEENA.

Very truly yours,

Mary Ann Rice

Sheena, Bob, and I appreciate your interest, Mary, and we are replying to you direct.—W. Morgan Thomas.

Westminster, Colo.

Dear Sirs,

Just a note to try and tell you how much I enjoy your fine book. I find it more enjoyable every issue. My friends all hold it a favorite as I do. I also enjoy your other comics. Keep up the good work.

Josephine Fleming

Shawnee, Okla.

Dear Editor,

I hope you print this. I think your comic book is awful. It is the worst out. The art, story, and color are all corny. Why not call it Junko?

Sincerely,

Jimmy Ailey

Staten Island, N. Y.

Dear Sir,

Your comic book is swell! My favorite is SHEENA as I like all pretty girl stories. As for THE HAWK, he's swell too. I like to read the letters you get. I can't say much for ZX-5—he stinks. SKY GIRL is hubba-hubba! STUART TAYLOR helps me in history. Second best in your book is THE GHOST GALLERY.

Billy Core

Toronto, Ontario

Dear Editor,

The next time STUART TAYLOR gets in a tight spot leave him there, don't go sending any female to help him out. As for ZX-5, the next time he meets a gang of crooks I hope he gets bumped off.

"Wee Willy" Wilson

Long Island City, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Davis,

If you are the one who also draws the pictures for your strip, STUART TAYLOR, I wish you would do me a favor and have Laura's hair-do changed. The present one makes her look like an old lady while the other girls in the strip are all very beautiful. How about bangs and a page boy, or a feather cut? Thank you. I think that otherwise, the stories and art are very good. Keep up the good work.

Yours truly,

Louise Salkey

I write the story, but usually leave hair styles up to the artist who draws my strip, Mary. However, I'll pass along your suggestion.—Curt Davis.

The Plains, Ohio

Dear Editor,

I think Mimi Luscano is right about STUART TAYLOR. I feel you ought to kick him out. THE HAWK, ZX-5, and THE GHOST GALLERY are no good either. I think Mr. Thomas ought to make SHEENA a longer story; it's the best story in the book.

Yours for a better book,
Libby Lou Moore

White Salmon, Wash.

Dear Sirs,

These two things spoil your book: 1) The short story and 2) STU (pid) TAYLOR. The rest of the book is swell, but the feature I like best is GHOST GALLERY.

Yours truly,
Margie Palermo

Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Editor,

Why waste paper on SKY GIRL, THE HAWK, and above all, ZX-5? Why not divide the comic with just SHEENA, GHOST GALLERY, and STU TAYLOR? Tell those drippy people who don't like STU that they just don't have any imagination. Tell Curt Davis to stay on the job.

Sincerely,
A STU TAYLOR fan,
John Williams

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Editor,

Who does this Russel Hicks think he is, signing himself President of the SHEENA fan club number one? Just how old is his club anyway? I know of two clubs in my neighborhood that have made SHEENA their mascot. She's been my gang's girl for more than five years. We decorate the walls of our club house with covers from your book, and also pictures clipped from each installment. And we've never missed an issue in over five years. There, Mr. Russel Hicks, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

A red hot SHEENA fan,
Morris/Seigel

Bangor, Maine

Dear Editor,

I enjoy roaming the jungle with SHEENA, and zipping around in STU TAYLOR'S time machine. I get into every mess with SKY GIRL and go all goose-pimply with GHOST GALLERY. I enjoy swishing ZX-5's magic cane as I strut along Main Street. But best of all, I like to chase the Jolly Roger in the good ship Lady Scarlett.

Without a doubt, THE HAWK is the best story I ever read. Sure, I've read Treasure Island and all the others, but for pure adventure, mystery and good pictures, give me THE HAWK. Why—I dare anyone to name a girl as pretty as Velvet. It just can't be done.

That Jeremy is the luckiest kid I know of to be able to sail with THE HAWK. I wish I could be him.

Pete Ross

Well, readers, that's all that space will allow. This is YOUR department in YOUR magazine. Let's have YOUR views. If you had your choice, what character would you rather go along with? SHEENA? THE HAWK? Or perhaps get in a "jam" session with SKY GIRL. What would you do if you were editor?

The Editor

Stuart TAYLOR in

WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

BY CURT DAVIS



"**R**IGHT THIS WAY TO THE BIG SHOW, FOLKS! SEE THE SIAMESE TWINS AND THE TATTOOED LADY! SEE KONGO, THE MAN OF MUSCLE, PERFORM AMAZING FEATS OF STRENGTH!" — NATURALLY, STU AND LAURA TAKE IN THE FUN. SO DOES DOC HAYWARD. BUT WHO HAS HE BROUGHT WITH HIM?

MEET MY TWO NEPHEWS, STU—TIMMY AND BOBBY. I'VE BOUGHT THEM A BOW AND ARROW, A SLINGSHOT—EVEN A PET MONKEY. STILL THEY AREN'T SATISFIED.

I WISH YOU AND LAURA WOULD SHOW THEM AROUND FOR ME. AFRAID I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR ALL THIS.

SURE, DOC. COME ON, YOU BRA... ER... KIDS, HOW ABOUT THE STRONG MAN?

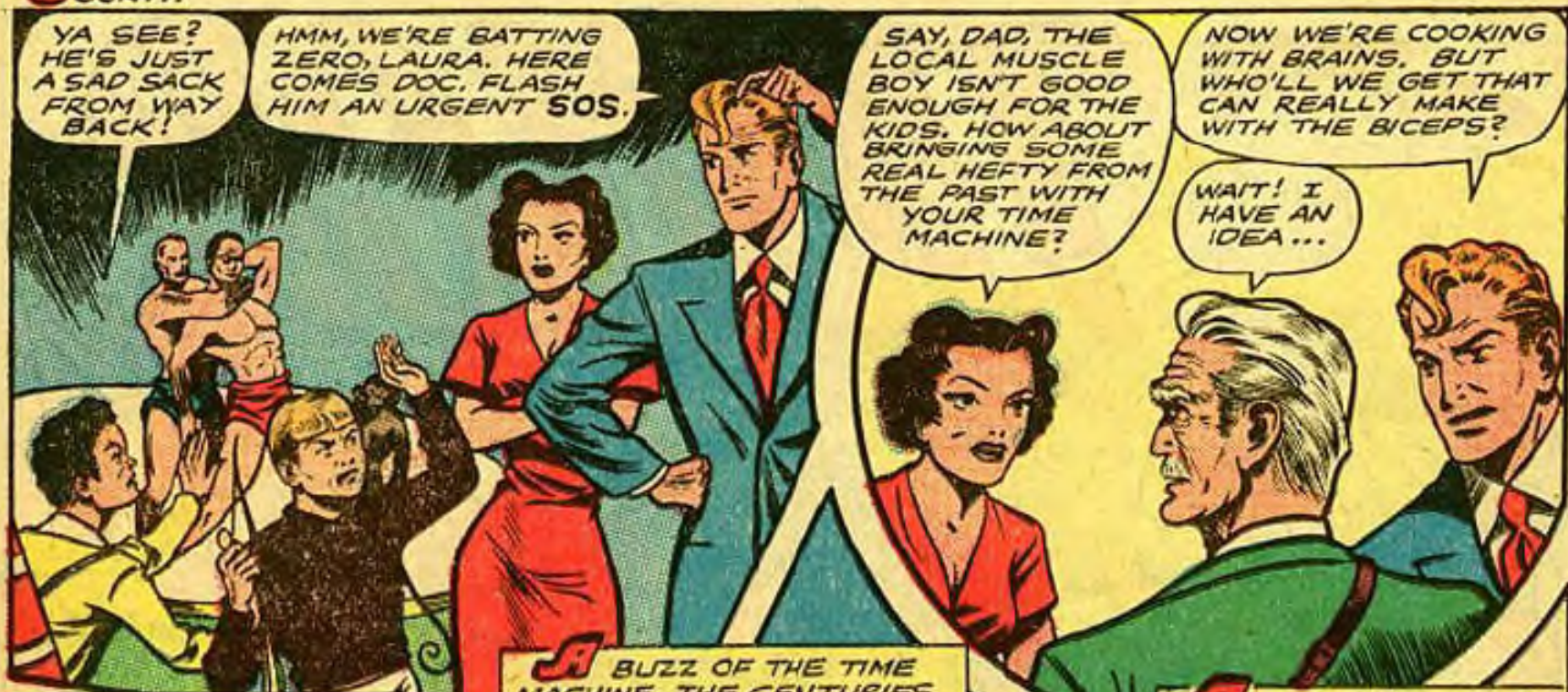
NAW! I'LL BET HE'S JUST A BIG SISSY, A BIG DRIP AND A SQUARE FROM NOWHERE!

HMM... YOU KNOW, LAURA, MY PET, I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE GOING TO NEED A LITTLE STRENGTH OURSELVES BEFORE LONG.



The STRONG MAN





YA SEE?
HE'S JUST
A SAD SACK
FROM WAY
BACK!

HMM, WE'RE BATTING
ZERO, LAURA. HERE
COMES DOC. FLASH
HIM AN URGENT SOS.

SAY, DAD, THE
LOCAL MUSCLE
BOY ISN'T GOOD
ENOUGH FOR THE
KIDS. HOW ABOUT
BRINGING SOME
REAL HEFTY FROM
THE PAST WITH
YOUR TIME
MACHINE?

NOW WE'RE COOKING
WITH BRAINS. BUT
WHO'LL WE GET THAT
CAN REALLY MAKE
WITH THE BICEPS?

WAIT! I
HAVE AN
IDEA...

...WE'LL GET TWO OF THE
STRONGEST MEN OF ALL
TIME AND MATCH THEM
AGAINST EACH OTHER. NOW,
LAURA, I'LL SEND YOU BACK
TO BRING THE FIRST. READY?

A BUZZ OF THE TIME
MACHINE, THE CENTURIES
TURN HANDSPRINGS, AND
LAURA IS OFF TO A FLYING
START...

AND SUDDENLY IT'S
3000 B.C., IN ANCIENT
GREECE...

SURE.

I DON'T
LIKE
DAMES!

OUCH! I'M
BEGINNING
TO GET THE
POINT OF
ALL THIS!

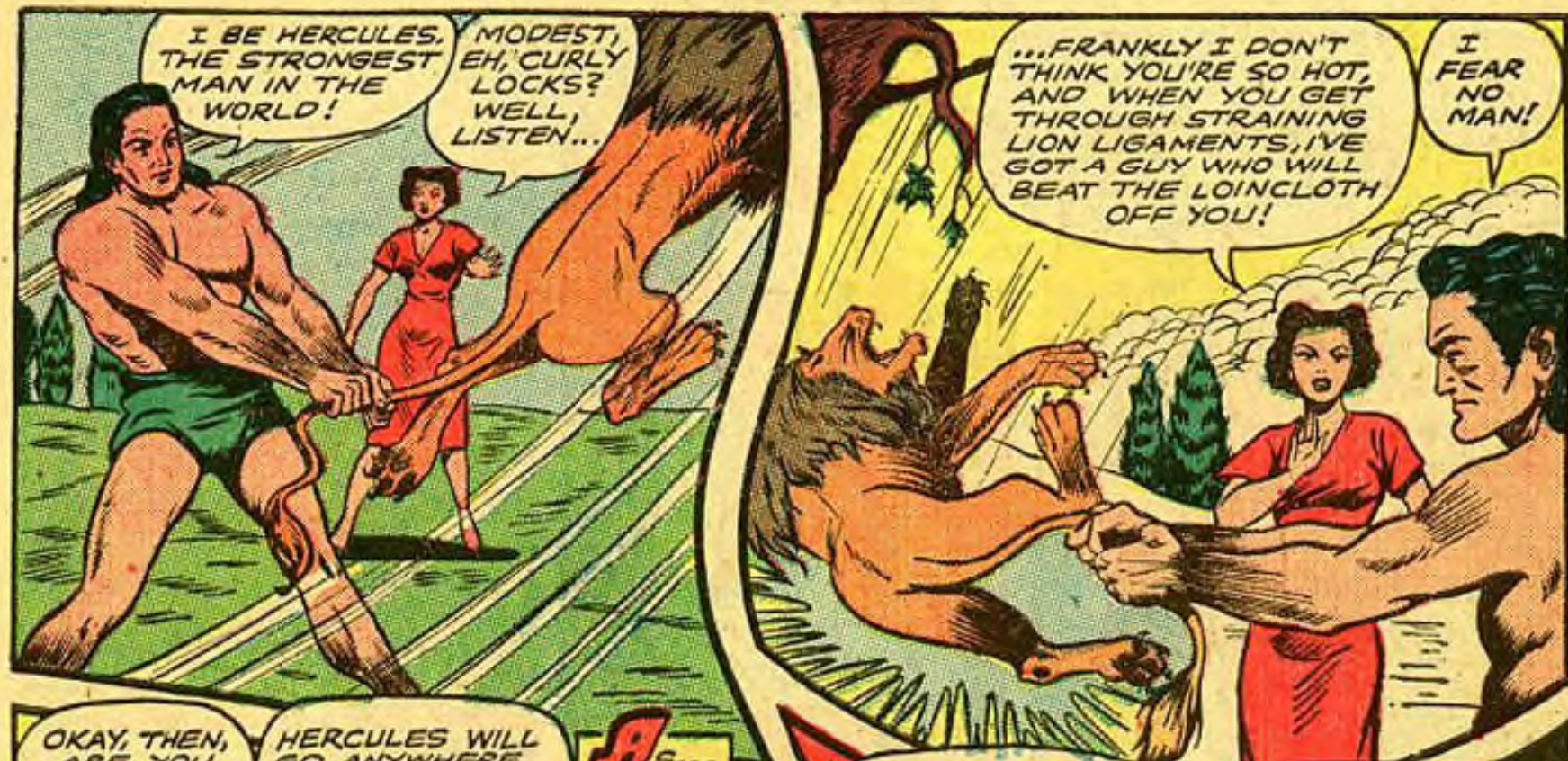
OH! WHY
DOESN'T DAD
OIL THE TIME
MACHINE?
BUT...THAT
ROAR!



NOW, NOW- NICE
KITTY! I'VE ALWAYS
BEEN KIND TO DUMB
ANIMALS, SO RETURN
THE FAVOR, LEO. BUT
SAY! WHAT'S HOLDING
YOU BACK?



WOW! AM I GLAD
YOU CAME INTO THE
"TAIL"! BUT MAYBE
I'M NEXT! TELL ME,
BIG BOY-WHO ARE
YOU?



I BE HERCULES,
THE STRONGEST
MAN IN THE
WORLD!

MODEST,
EH, CURLY
LOCKS?
WELL,
LISTEN...

...FRANKLY I DON'T
THINK YOU'RE SO HOT,
AND WHEN YOU GET
THROUGH STRAINING
LION LIGAMENTS, I'VE
GOT A GUY WHO WILL
BEAT THE LOINCLOTH
OFF YOU!

I
FEAR
NO
MAN!



OKAY, THEN,
ARE YOU
GAME FOR
A FIVE
THOUSAND
YEAR JAUNT
THROUGH
HISTORY
TO MEET
THIS MAN?

HERCULES WILL
GO ANYWHERE
TO PROVE HIS
STRENGTH. LEAD
ON, WOMAN!

AS...

WATCH
THIS
SHOT,
MONK!

WELL, LAURA'S
GONE AFTER HER
STRONG BOY, WHAT
MUSCLE-BOUND
KID AM I BOUND
FOR?

YOU'LL SEE, STU.
JUST BE SURE
YOU BRING HIM
BACK HERE TO
MEET LAURA'S
MAN. NOW GET
SET...



AND NOW IT'S 2200, B.C.



OH, MY ACHING
HEAD! AND WHERE
AM I HEADING?



NOW, MY STRONG
MAN SHOULD BE
AROUND HERE
SOMEWHERE...



...HOPE I
MAKE A HIT
WITH HIM.
I...OOOF!

WHAT AN
INTRO-
DUCTION!
BUT WHY
THE ROUGH
STUFF,
CHESTY?

SO UNTO ALL MEN WHO DARE
CHALLENGE GOLIATH TO
COMBAT! BUT... IS THIS YET
ANOTHER WHO
COMES TO
BATTLE ME?

AYE—'TIS
DAVID
WHO WILL
FIGHT THE
GIANT
GOLIATH!

HO! THEN THOU
ALSO WILL
KNOW THE
POWER OF
MY CUDGEL!

WAIT!

LISTEN, MUSCLES, POSTPONE
YOUR BOUT WITH DAVID, RIGHT
NOW I'VE GOT SOMEONE YOUR
OWN SIZE WHO CAN SKIN THE
BEARD OFF YOU. WILL YOU
FOLLOW ME THROUGH A FEW
CENTURIES TO MEET
HIM?

I CAN
CONQUER
ANY MAN.
TAKE ME
TO HIM!

A QUICK REVERSE OF THE TIME
MACHINE DIALS AND STU HAS HIS
MAN ZOOMING TOWARD THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY...

SOON...

NOW REMEMBER
NOT TO LEAD WITH
YOUR WHISKERS, OR
YOU'LL NAB A JAB,
AND...

I'VE GOT
GOLIATH, DOC.
WHERE'S
LAURA AND
HER BOY?

ADVISE ME
NOT. I WILL
WIN SURELY.

THEY'RE
ON THEIR
WAY NOW,
STU.

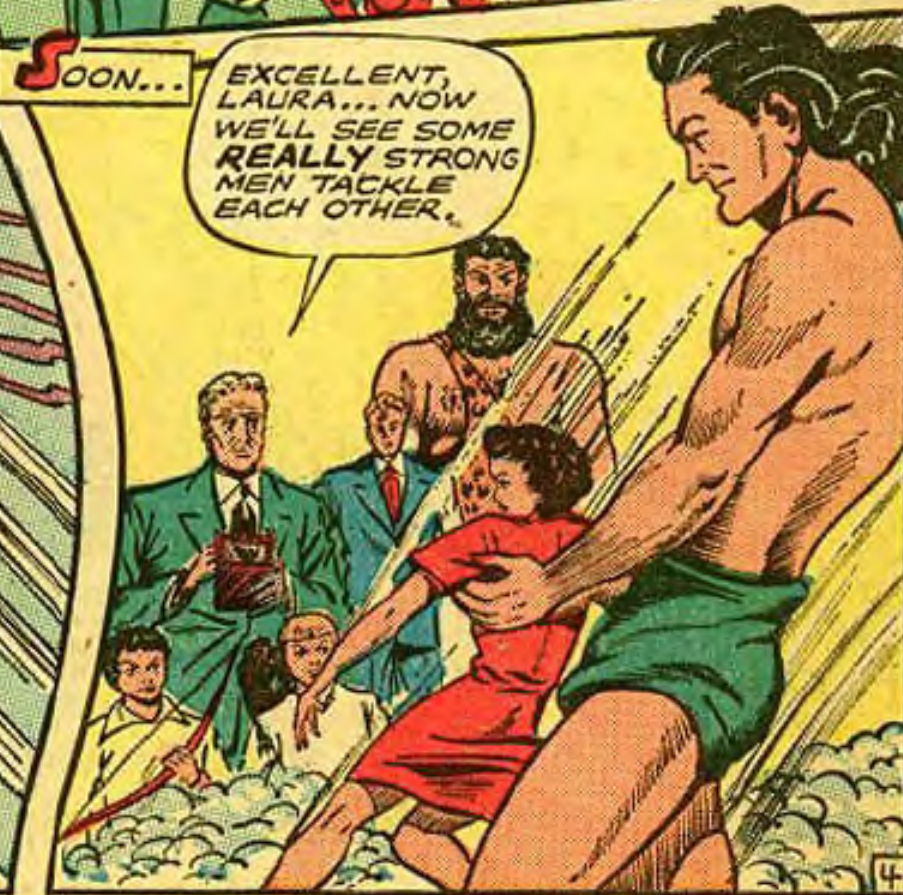
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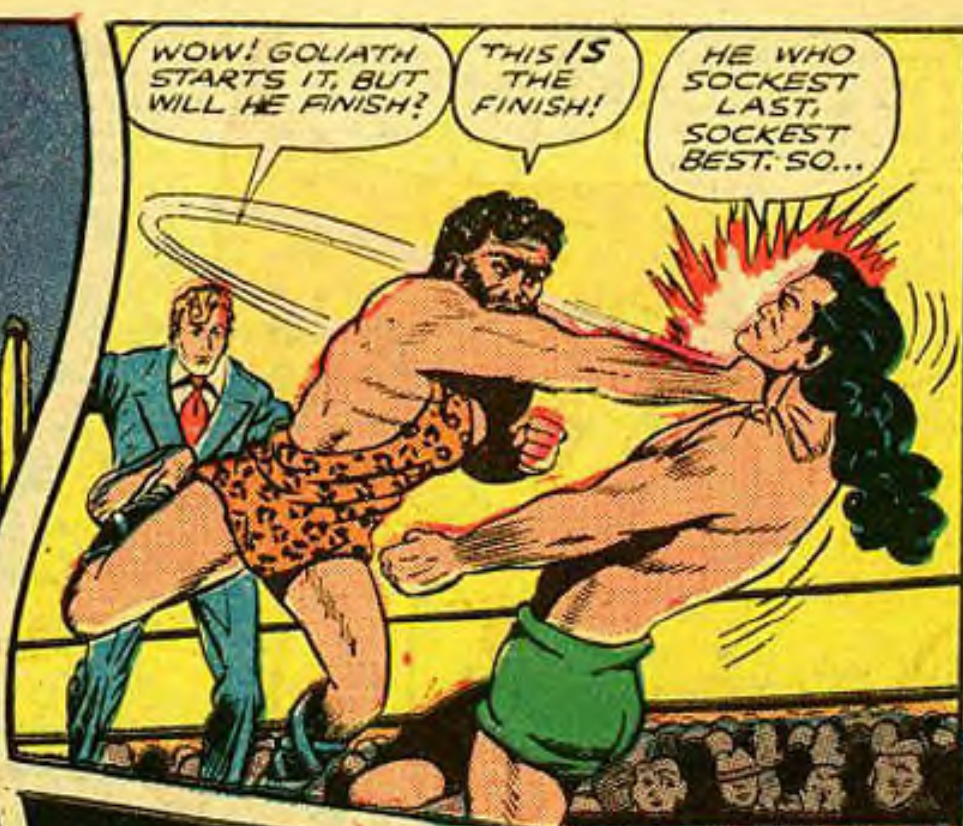
SAY—ARE YOUR HOOKS
AS GOOD AS YOUR
LOOKS, BIG BOY?

WORRY NOT,
WOMAN.
HERCULES
WILL INDEED
BE VICTOR!

SOON...

EXCELLENT,
LAURA... NOW
WE'LL SEE SOME
REALLY STRONG
MEN TACKLE
EACH OTHER.





WAIT! HISTORY BUMPED OFF THESE BIG BOYS IN A VERY SIMPLE WAY. WHY SHOULDN'T IT WORK NOW? QUICK, BOBBY, SLING ME YOUR SLINGSHOT!

AW, GEE, WHATTA YA WANT TO STOP THE FIGHT FOR?

SORRY, BOBBY, BUT THIS FIGHT IS ALMOST MURDER. LET'S SEE, DAVID STOPPED GOLIATH WITH A SLINGSHOT. STU IS GOING TO TRY THE SAME TRICK. SO GANGWAY, GOLIATH!

THERE! THAT'LL HOLD HIM TILL WE CAN SEND HIM BACK TO DAVID. BUT WHAT'S HERCULES UP TO?

HOW DAREST THOU STOP THE BATTLE, PUNY ONE? THOU HAST CAUSED THINE OWN DOOM!

AND HE'S NOT KIDDING. TIMMY, YOUR BOW AND ARROW! HURRY!

YOU SEE, HERC; YOU MET YOUR END BY THE BOW OF POEAS, THE SHEP-HERD. I DON'T TEND SHEEP, BUT I'M TENDING TO YOU... NOW!

THAT DID IT! THE WOUND WILL SLOW HIM DOWN TILL WE CAN GET BACK THE TIME MACHINE, AND...

HERE IT IS, MR. TAYLOR! THE MONK GOT TIRED OF FLAGPOLE SITTING!

GOOD WORK, BOBBY, AND GOODBYE TO THESE TWO BRUIERS. THIS EXPERIMENT WAS ALMOST DISASTROUS, EH, STU?

THOU SAIDEST IT, DOC!

STUART TAYLOR IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW MURDOCH



WEARING YOUR GRAVE-CLOTHES TODAY? STARTING THE LONG TRIP INTO SHADOWLAND? BE CAREFUL - FOR ONCE YOU START, IT'S AWFULLY HARD TO TURN BACK... UNLESS THE BUS IS CROWDED! HOW DO I KNOW? ROD MORGAN TOLD ME... HE BEGAN THE JOURNEY AT THE MINNEAPOLIS SPEEDWAY SEVERAL YEARS AGO...

IF YOU WIN THE RACE THIS AFTERNOON, USING DAD'S NEW CARBURETOR, THE ATLAS COMPANY PROMISED TO BUY HIS PATENTS, ROD. THINK WHAT THAT WILL MEAN TO OUR LITTLE ANNE.

I'LL DO MY BEST, JEAN. NOW I'VE GOT TO CHANGE INTO MY DRIVER'S SUIT, AND MAKE A FINAL TUNE-UP RUN.

SOON...

SHHH. HERE COMES MORGAN NOW. HE'S GOT A GOOD CAR, SPUD.

YEAH. HE'S THE MAN WE GOT TO WATCH, ALL RIGHT. C'MON, LET'S TALK TO 'IM!

HEY, MORGAN,
HOW'D YOU LIKE
TO MAKE A
COUPLE GRAND?

YEAH, TAKE THE
CURVES WIDE AN'
EASE UP ON
THE STRETCHES,
NO ONE'LL
BE THE WISER!

YOU
MEAN
THROW
THE RACE
AN' DOUBLE-
CROSS MY
FATHER-IN-
LAW, WIFE
AN' KID, EH...

HERE'S MY
ANSWER TO
THAT ONE,
SPUD!

NOW YOU BETTER
BLOW OUTTA HERE
BEFORE I REALLY
LOSE MY TEMPER!

COME ON,
SPUD, LITTLE
GOODY-GOODY
DOESN'T WANT
TO PLAY BALL
WITH US!

SOON...

DO YOU
THINK
ROD'S
IN ANY
DANGER,
DAD?

THERE'S ALWAYS
A CHANCE OF A
SMASH-UP, JEAN.
BUT HE KNOWS
THE RACING
GAME. HERE
HE COMES!

MOTOR LOOKS
TIP-TOP, MR.
GRAHAM.
THEY'LL BE
TIMING ME ON
THIS TEST RUN...

AS IN THE NEXT PIT...

... SO I WON'T OPEN
'ER WIDE— WE'LL
SAVE THAT FOR THE
RACE. BETTER MAKE
SURE ANNE'S NOT
NEAR THE TRACK,
JEAN.

SHE'S SAFE
IN THE CLUB-
HOUSE, ROD.
GOOD LUCK!

MORGAN'S TAKIN'
A TRIAL SPIN, CHET,
MEBBE I WILL TOO!

GO AHEAD,
SPUD, AN' IF
YOU GET A
CHANCE TUH
DITCH 'IM— WELL,
YOU KNOW HOW
MUCH DOUGH WE
GOT RIDIN' ON THIS
RACE.



HE'S THE ONLY ONE WE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT. SO USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT!

I'VE GOT IT. SO LONG!

HOW FAST IS HE GOING, DAD?

SEVENTY-FIVE. THAT MOTOR'S SURE ACTIN' LIKE A CHARM.

SO YOUR CARBURETOR'S A SUCCESS, DAD. YOU'LL SELL THE PATENTS!

I SURE HOPE SO - THEN WE'LL ALL BE RICH. LOOK AT HIM GO!

WHERE'S DADDY? I WANT TO FIND DADDY.

AS...

THAT'S SPUD - I GOT TO BE CAREFUL. HE'D PULL ANYTHING TO GET EVEN FOR THAT SMACK I GAVE 'IM!

NO CHANCE TO CROWD HIM YET - GOSH - WHAT'S THAT AHEAD ON THE TRACK?

IT'S ROD'S KID! IT AIN'T MY FAULT IF I SHOULD HIT HER - NO ONE WOULD BLAME ME!

ANNE! THERE'S ANNE AHEAD IN OUR PATH!

NAW... THEY'LL CALL IT AN ACCIDENT. HE WON'T DRIVE IF THE KID'S DEAD!

SO HERE GOES - SHE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD ALREADY!

SMASHUP'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE HER - GOT TO CHANCE IT!

MAMA—THE
CAR ALMOST
HIT ME BUT
DADDY
STOPPED IT!

THEY'RE
TURNING
OVER—
ROD'S HURT—
MAYBE
KILLED!

HE'S DEAD,
ISN'T HE, DAD?
ROD'S DEAD!

I'M NOT
SURE, JEAN,
WE'LL HAVE
TO SEE WHAT
THE DOCTOR
SAYS!

HE DID IT FOR
US, JEAN. DROVE
THE CAR TO
DEMONSTRATE
MY CARBURETOR,
SMASHED UP TO
SAVE ANNE.

YES—AND
ALL WE CAN
DO IS WAIT
FOR THE REPORT
FROM THE
HOSPITAL.

As...

THAT'S
FUNNY.
MY HEAD'S
STOPPED
ACHING!
WONDER
WHAT I'M
DOING HERE
WITH SPUD?

WE'RE DEAD! YOU
CRACKED UP ON
PURPOSE! YOU KILLED
US BOTH.

THAT'S IT—WE'RE
DEAD. BUT I'M
GLAD, SPUD. YOU
TRIED TO KILL MY
KID—WHO'S THAT?

MR. SHADE, GENTLEMEN,
AND NO MORE ARGUMENTS,
PLEASE. THE BUS FOR THE
ELYSIAN FIELDS LEAVES
AT DUSK. WE'LL GO
ALONG AND BOOK
YOUR RESERVATIONS.

HERE WE ARE, GENTLEMEN. NOW I'LL CALL THE SCRATCHER TO CHECK OFF YOUR NAMES.

HEY, MR. SHADE, THERE'S SOME MISTAKE. I'VE ONLY GOT ONE VACANT SEAT BUT YOU'VE BROUGHT TWO PASSENGERS.

ONE OF YOU GUYS'LL HAVE TO GET BACK INTO YOUR BODIES AND KEEP ON LIVING. WHICH ONE'LL IT BE? SPEAK UP!

I'LL GO! I'VE GOT A WIFE AND A BABY TO SUPPORT. TAKE SPUD. HE DESERVES TO DIE. HE TRIED TO KILL MY CHILD!

NUTS TO THAT! I GOTTA LOT O' DOUGH BET ON THAT RACE AN I WANNA ENJOY SPENDIN' IT.

SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO SETTLE THIS ARGUMENT YOURSELVES. I'LL PICK ONE OF YOU UP AROUND FIVE O' CLOCK!

HE'S GONE. LET'S GET BACK TO THE TRACK. MAYBE WE CAN SETTLE IT THERE.

GOOD-LET'S GO!

NO WORD FROM THE HOSPITAL, JEAN. IF ROD LIVES OR NOT, THIS IS THE END OF MY DREAM.

YOU MEAN YOUR INVENTION, DAD? BUT THE CAR'S UNDAMAGED—MAYBE YOU CAN GET ANOTHER DRIVER.

W H I L E . . .

NO, JEAN, EVERY DRIVER HERE AT THE TRACK HAS BEEN ENGAGED. I'LL HAVE TO WITHDRAW!

YOU WON'T, DAD! I'M GOING TO DRIVE, AND I'LL WIN, DAD, I'LL WIN!

LISSEN, NICK, YOU'RE TAKIN' SPUD'S PLACE. I GOT A LOT OF DOUGH BET ON THIS RACE, SO ANYTHING GOES TO WIN—GET IT?

YEAH, BOSS, I GET IT—I KNOW ALL THE TRICKS!

THEN USE 'EM! THERE GOES THE LINE-UP GONG—GET GOIN'!

S O O N . . .

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DO IT, JEAN. YOU'RE INEXPERIENCED—IT'S DANGEROUS!

DON'T WORRY, DAD. THE STARTER'S FLAG IS UP... YOU'D BETTER GET OFF THE TRACK!

THEY'RE OFF! JEAN'S THIRD—SHE GOT AWAY TO A GOOD START. OH, IF SHE CAN ONLY WIN!

M E A N W H I L E , A T THE HOSPITAL...

THESE ARE THE TWO DRIVERS WHO CRACKED UP, AREN'T THEY? TOO BAD, BUT THEY'RE BOTH DEAD!

THEY'RE SO YOUNG, TOO, AND ONE IS MARRIED... HAS A LITTLE BABY GIRL.

I KNOW—BETTER MAKE OUT MY REPORT AND NOTIFY THEIR FAMILIES.

MEANWHILE...

AS...

THEY'VE STARTED, ROD. YOU COACH YOUR WIFE AN' I'LL RIDE WITH NICK. THE LOSER GOES WITH MR. SHADE.

OKAY, SPUD, IT'S A BET—LET'S GO!

DEATH CORNER AHEAD—OTHER CAR'S CROWDING ME. SHOULD I TAKE IT WIDE OR CHANCE A SKID? WHAT?

IT'S ROD, JEAN. I'M RIDIN' WITH YOU. HUG THE RAILING—EASE UP AN' MAKE 'EM SWING WIDE!

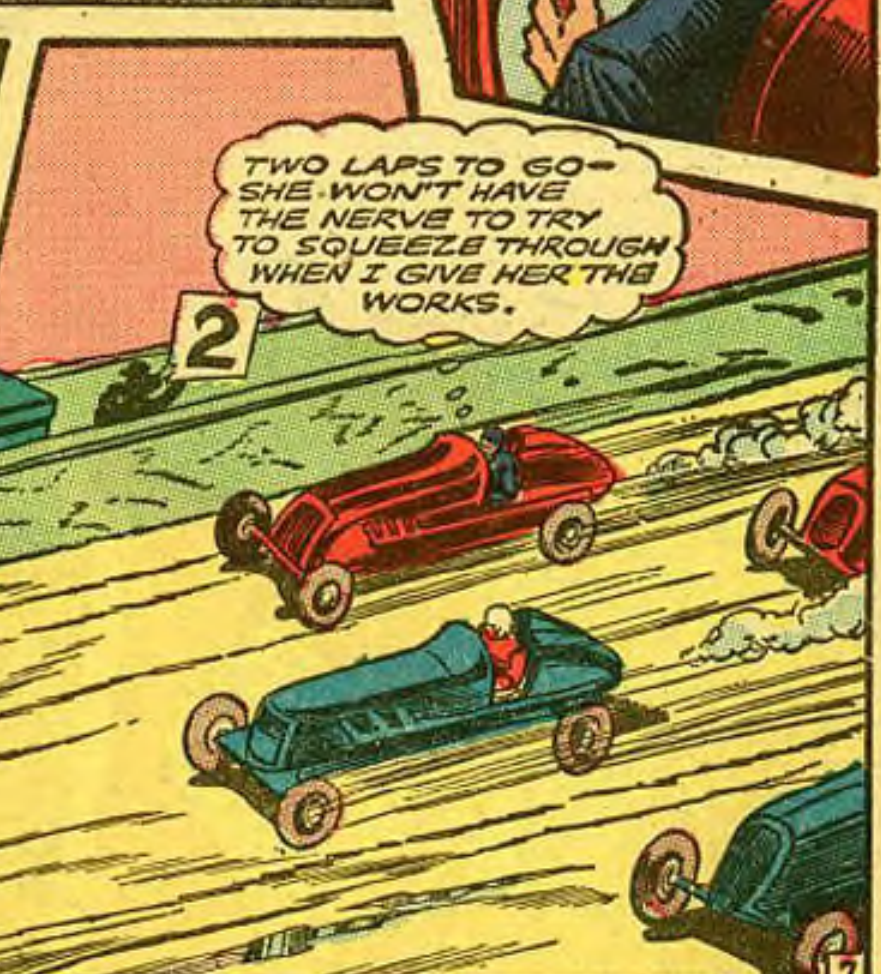
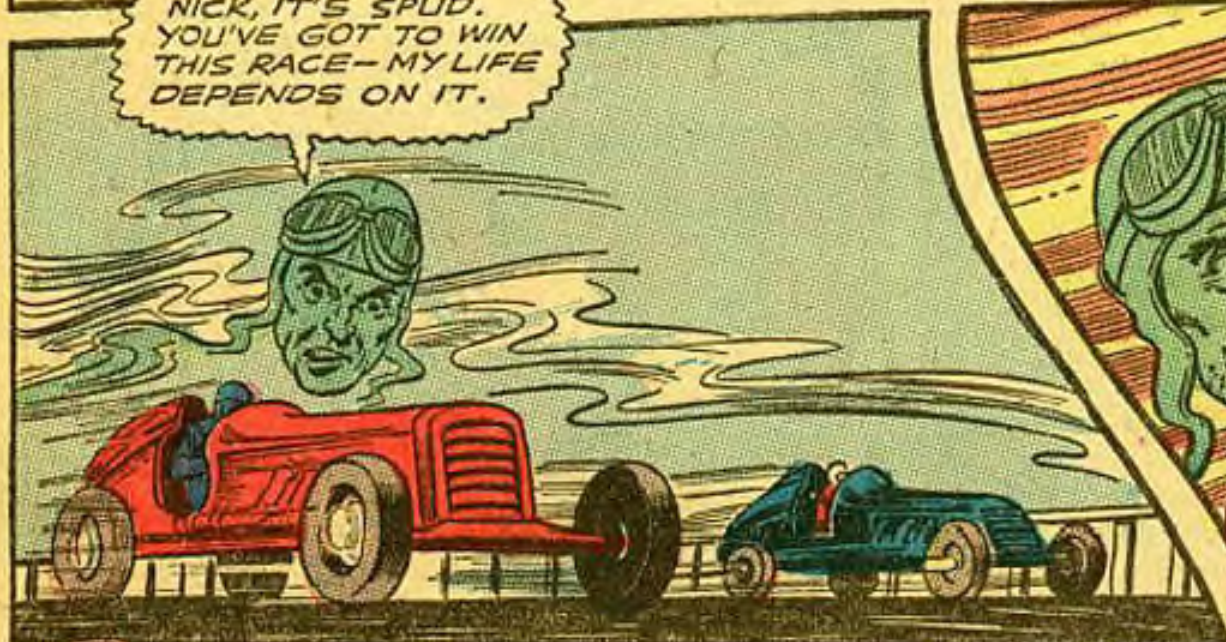
NICK, IT'S SPUD. YOU'VE GOT TO WIN THIS RACE—MY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT.

WHEN WE HIT THE STRAIGHT AWAY, START CROWDING HER. SHE'LL HAVE TO SLOW DOWN OR SMASH THE RAILING!

AND NEARBY...

HE'S GOING TO POCKET JEAN—POOR KID, SHE HASN'T A CHANCE—I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HER DRIVEN!

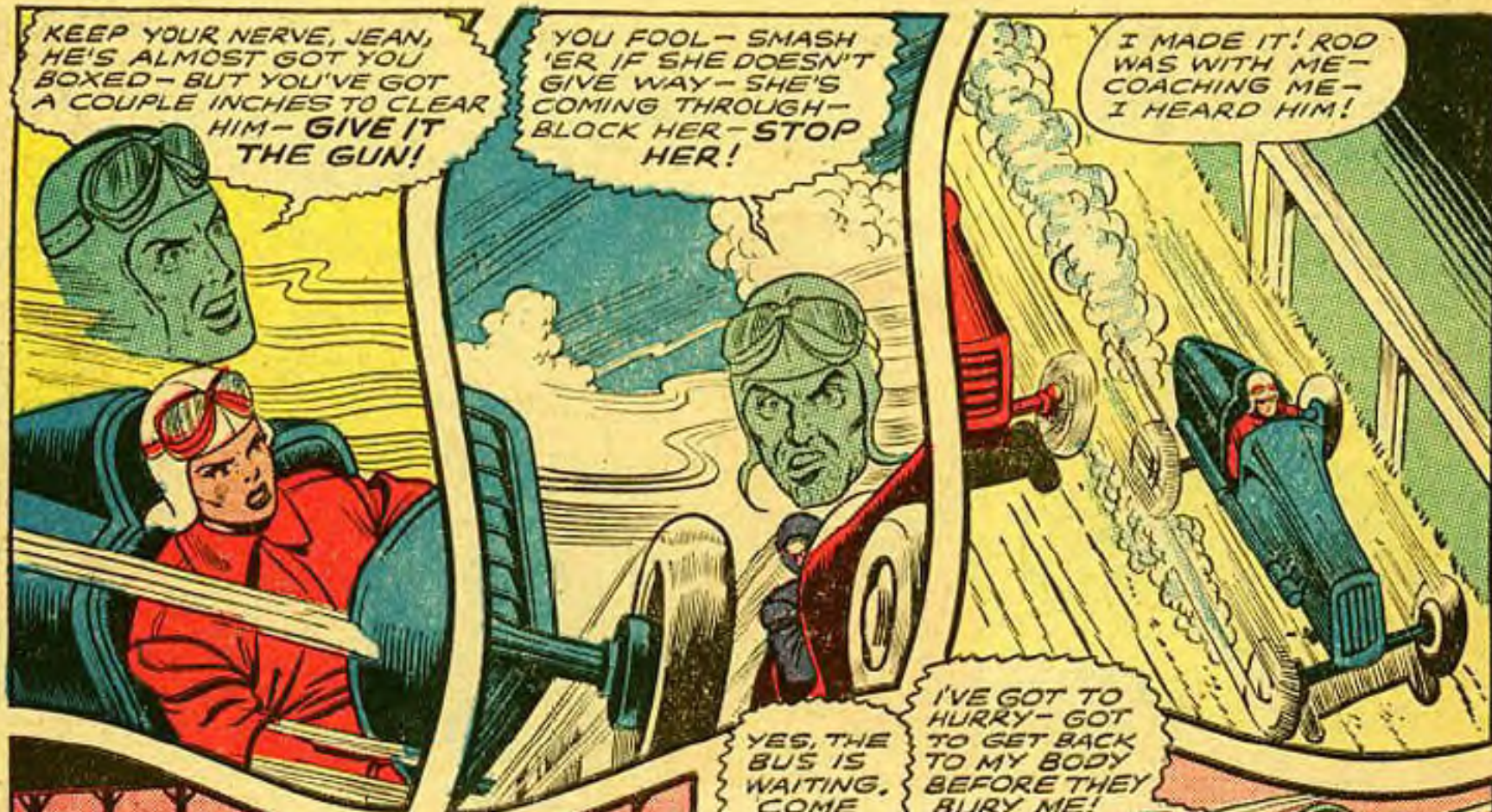
TWO LAPS TO GO—SHE WON'T HAVE THE NERVE TO TRY TO SQUEEZE THROUGH WHEN I GIVE HER THE WORKS.



KEEP YOUR NERVE, JEAN,
HE'S ALMOST GOT YOU
BOXED— BUT YOU'VE GOT
A COUPLE INCHES TO CLEAR
HIM— GIVE IT
THE GUN!

YOU FOOL— SMASH
'ER IF SHE DOESN'T
GIVE WAY— SHE'S
COMING THROUGH—
BLOCK HER— STOP
HER!

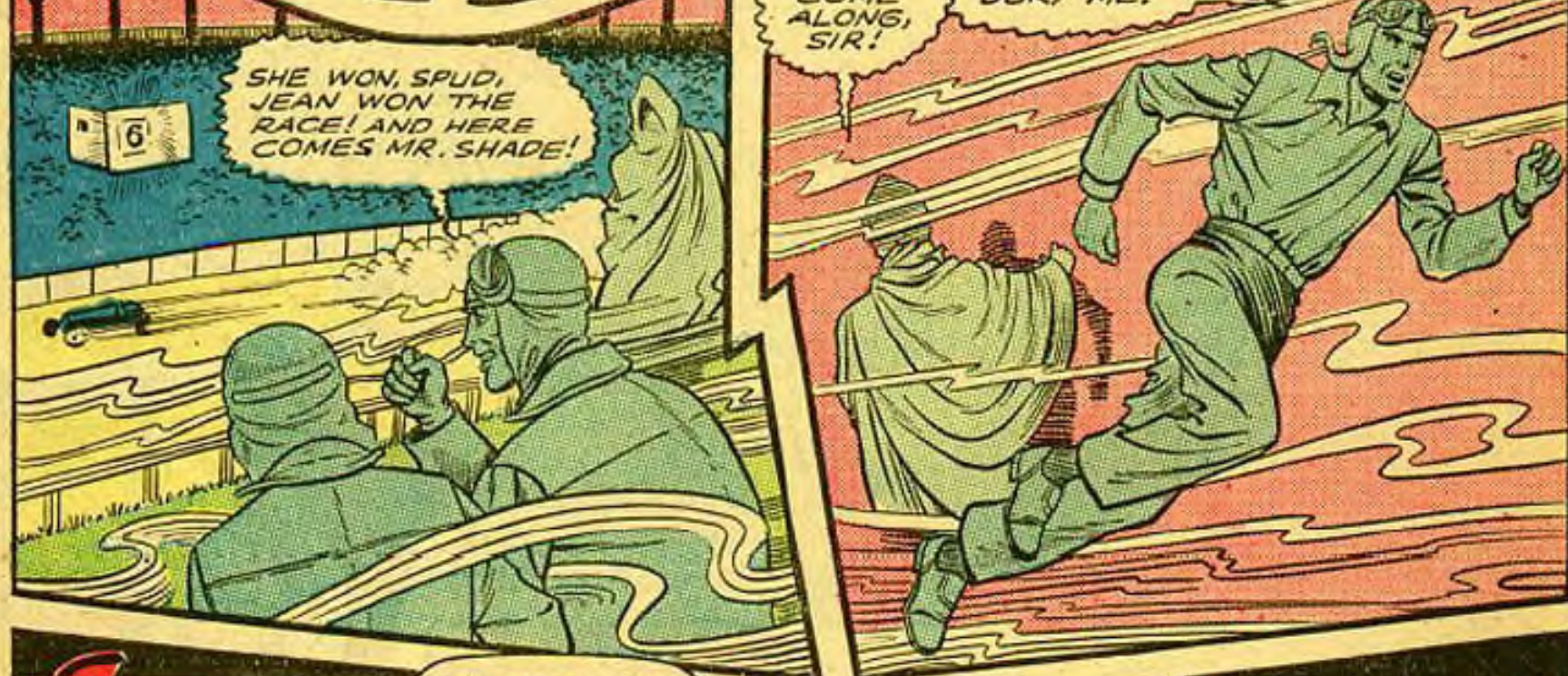
I MADE IT! ROD
WAS WITH ME—
COACHING ME—
I HEARD HIM!



YES, THE
BUS IS
WAITING.
COME
ALONG,
SIR!

I'VE GOT TO
HURRY— GOT
TO GET BACK
TO MY BODY
BEFORE THEY
BURY ME!

SHE WON, SPUD,
JEAN WON THE
RACE! AND HERE
COMES MR. SHADE!



AND SOON...

YOUR HUSBAND'S
DEAD, MRS. MORGAN.
I'M TERRIBLY
SORRY, BUT YOU
CAN'T COME IN
NOW!

IT'S NOT TRUE,
ROD'S ALIVE—
LOOK— LOOK
THERE IN HIS
BED!

JEAN! YOU
WON THE RACE
AND SAVED
MY LIFE!

YES, ROD, AND YOU
WERE THERE HELPING
ME. DAD SOLD HIS
PATENT— WE'RE RICH,
ROD— AND YOU'RE
ALIVE!



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